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ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE MARKET MATRIMONIAL.



HERE is nothing new under the sun, says the wise man, explaining that if perchance anything appears to be new, it is only that 'there is no remembrance of former things that were before us.' So the cry 'There never were such times' is not true. Good seasons and bad seasons (even as to seasons matrimonial) have their cycle. The very complaint of the present day as to a great accumulation of single men and a long arrears of single women—yes, and even the very same popular reason for it—was the identical cry of one hundred years ago. Witness the following from Sir Charles Grandison:

'I believe there are more bachelors now in England by many thousands than there were a few years ago; and probably the numbers of them, and of single women of course, will every year increase. *The luxury of this age will account for a great deal of this, and the turn our sex take to undomesticate themselves for a good deal more.*'

What is the reason that the ladies are in as great a hurry as ever to get husbands, but the gentlemen are by no means in as great a hurry to get wives?

To solve this question we must consider that this dearth of husbands is only partial: it is not the complaint of all classes, but only of one. Among our labourers and mechanics, and indeed among our industrial population generally, rich or poor, as in Liverpool or Manchester, times matrimonial are not so bad. The John Hobsons and the Mary Snookses put up their banns as fast as ever. Manufacturers' sons and daughters also marry after their kind much as usual. So we can trace the evil to its source. It is the silks and the satins, not the corduroys and the calicoes, that raise the cry—they are the men of leisure, not the men of labour; the listless consumers, not the active producers, who are so backward in coming forward to the anxious mothers' content.

The simple reason is, men can't have what they can't afford, and there is a time when the ancestral estate or the fortune realised some generations back has been divided and subdivided till little but the pride of the thing remains. Yes, it is Gentility that is at a dead lock. Professions do not pay; money out of trade gives securely only about three per cent., and land pays less still; so the rent of a hundred acres

may often go for my lady's dress alone, and with 30,000*l.* in the funds a young couple can barely afford even three maids and Connaught Square. The consequence is that now, as in Sir Charles Grandison's time, we have one large section of society holding on most frantically to the pride and position to which they were born, and reduced to a choice of evils simply to decide what luxury they shall give up first.

Now the very last thing to be risked is loss of caste. In England, as in India, caste reigns supreme. Here, as in ancient Rome, to be poor may be tolerable, but to look poor is the smart. The hardest part of poverty, said Juvenal, is *quod ridiculos facit homines*, that is, it literally takes a peg out of your consequence, and makes you sing small. No; anything but that. The pleasant smiles of those you meet is as sunshine on your path; the hearty tone of sympathy is as marrow to your bones. There is an atmosphere social as well as material which must be balmy and genial, or it is a burthen to your spirits and blighting to your whole economy. The young fashionable knows that if once reduced to a shabby coat with a shabby spouse in a shabby street it is, in one sense, false to say 'A man's a man for a' that,' for he isn't half the man he was, in pluck or feeling either.—What man can show a bold front with a seedy waistcoat? What lady can hold up her head in a dowdy bonnet?

Little wisdom is required to see that in a life-struggle for caste man single has a twofold advantage. Society does not ask where he lives or how he lives, and society expects but little of him. He may be the invitee, not the inviter, for many a long year, and by good luck for a long life. His card need only name his club and say nothing of his garret. But man married is taken to strict account at once. All must be open and above board; while that one-sided hospitality turns to an affair of give and take—a modern dinner-party being called 'a return'—notso much a gathering of friends as a meeting of creditors. Fashionable people do not want to

pay visits in back streets, still less to have shabby-genteels meet upon their staircase; and as to out-of-door greetings, 'carriage-people' hate a bow from a mere 'job'; and we heard of a lady mortally offended in a dashing barouche at receiving a friendly recognition, as she said, from a sorry creature who was jogging along at three and sixpence the first hour and half a crown every hour after.

It is silly to say that the luxuries of club-life indispose and spoil men for the purer and quiet home. We know a little of club-life. Our friend E—— would marry if he could. We have dined with him at the Rag-and-famish, and stepped across with him to dress in a mere garret yeleft his bedroom in Berners Street. We have known him confined to his room, that is, boxed up in this garret, with only a dirty maid-of-all-work to ring up, when he can, as his ministering angel, for three and four days together. We have seen him lounging at his club many a weary hour with society without friendship, an aggregation of atoms without affinity, ever coming, ever going, shifting and fluctuating as a human stream. We have watched him killing time but not enjoying it, the very picture of unrest, yearning for quiet and repose—a life of smoke and billiards, sherry and bitters, 'Punch' and the 'Pall-Mall.' And yet this is the life 'with none to bless us, none whom we can bless,' supposed to be deliberately preferred to the homes to which such men are but too pleased that their married friends should invite them!

No; it is not married life, it is the mere apology of married life, from which we shrink. Robert South, the last man to be sentimental, speaks of a fond couple in poverty having just love enough to torture each other. That is what men fear. They have always seen that the cost is nothing, the comfort and elegance everything, and money no object, where ladies are in the case. They dread the thought of taking the stylish daughter from Hyde Park Square to broil through September in Oxford Terrace, where all around is dust

and dry leaves, ladders, whitewash, and closed shutters, because they cannot afford to follow the stream out of town.

You may say men's fears are unreasonable, or that many a girl values affection beyond all price, and with the object of her love will share the humblest abode—this may be true of some ladies, but, if so, their style betrays the contrary. Their dress and 'fast' ways in every variety of absurdity proclaim that appearance, vanity, fashion, and to be 'first-rate' is the very soul of their existence. Not a sentiment do you hear akin to Love in a cottage, still less to Contentment on a little, or to Inward resources above the whims and follies of the day.

These traits are not lost upon men, for even the many who find thinking a fatigue receive impressions they know not how from what swims before their eyes. Dresses trailing in the dust, head-straps and chignons worthy of Bedlam, faces bared of all those tresses by which Nature would screen ladies from the rude blasts of heaven and the rude gaze of men—these things men feel, if they do not think, have little enough to do with 'the richer and the poorer,' 'the better and the worse' of rugged life. Thus women seem to teach that life is a jest; but men have an idea of life in earnest.

The same staring, impudent style has one weaning element more. In a wife man dreams of having amidst all the shocks of fate one heart and one soul devoted to himself; but to mar this vision we have an affectation of giddiness and effrontery, as if the fair would be the creature of any man who pleased her most.

The present 'fast' style, believe me, ladies, is the most suicidal style you could adopt. It virtually proclaims, 'extravagance is our line; pace is everything;' and all men are aware 'it is the pace that kills.'

We are now speaking chiefly of London life, as also of Bath, Cheltenham, Brighton, and those few towns of England in which alone the strata next above the trade series naturally crop up. But these smaller towns claim little notice: the sons are soon drawn away to professions and to

London; and, save a sprinkling of rich county men, it is in London that nearly all the eligibles can live or earn a livelihood. This congregating of men in London diminishes the chances of the ladies most alarmingly. In other places men could marry as the clergy marry, and be quite easy and comfortable on 500*l.* or 600*l.* a year; but double that sum would be required for the same relative position in town.

In London to live near the parks, and sufficiently near your office, is expensive. To economize your income you risk your health. As suburb is added to suburb you cannot even drive into the country, much less walk, and the atmosphere of London, added to its noise and excitement, renders change and out-of-towning actually among the necessities of life.

Such would be the pecuniary obstacles to marriage even if the value of money were the same as twenty years since. But the scale of expenses is higher far. For the mild aristocracy of those days we have a rampant snob-ocracy now. Mrs. World still holds her court, but one all of glitter and blazes, and the feathers and diamonds expected are more costly than ever. The mines of Northumberland, the forges of Birmingham, or the mills of Manchester, as also the sheep-farms of Australia and the diggings of California, all pour their lucky adventurers into Hyde Park Gardens or Lancaster Gate. County dignity and London style fade and pale before the luxury of their conservatories or the gorgeoussness of their mansions, while by libraries ordered by the yard, and by pictures painted 'to be the correct thing,' the hope is by high art to hide low descent.

Competition rules society as well as trade. No doubt some few persons of family and respectability will say, 'Let these people bid high for their standing, since they cannot have even the semblance of it without: we are safe in our position on cheaper terms.' But the majority are not so philosophical. When the foolish go so fast, even the wisest feel slow. The old carriage of the older families now looks so tub-like,

and the old horses so agricultural, that the very sight of these equipages acts on 'carriage-people' as an income-tax of thirty per cent., while finery of all other kinds soon runs up in the same proportion. In this race of fashion what is a mere canter to the one class is a break-neck gallop to the other; and though the field is daily growing more select as the overweighted fall out, distanced, and are 'nowhere,' still a constant succession of donkeys fall in, doomed, after a short burst and fitful effort, to the same jeers and disappointment.

All this makes the exactions of caste daily more severe, especially for married people, on whom Mrs. World aforesaid has no mercy. She virtually says to every young couple, 'You are now some of us, and must live up to the mark, as we are obliged to do;' the gentlemen know how high that mark is, and see that modern young ladies seem born and bred to keep the standard as high as possible.

If ladies were habitually quiet and inexpensive in their style, and domesticated in their habits—if men felt that in married life each, happy with the other alone, would take leave of Vanity Fair, and be comparatively indifferent to its whims and ways—if the wife would be a housewife—if household duties were to employ the lady within, instead of the visiting, the gossiping, and the showing-off without—then there would be more marriages, no doubt. Now don't despise our suggestions, ladies. The home we are describing, however humble it may seem, is a far better one than will fall to the lot of many of you when the sad time arrives that the parents' home is broken up, and the executor drily informs you of the small dividends in the Three per Cents. on which you must cut and contrive to the end of your maiden days. We only remind you to be wise in time. The question is not simply a question of the single or the married state, but a question of a richer or poorer state some few years to come. For where is your provision? The men inherit the estates; the men alone earn money

by professions. Single women nowadays are doubly poor—poor because safe dividends never were so low, and poorer still because the cost of living and the demands of society never were so high.

At present the ladies will not meet the times, they will not see the future as it must be. 'Fast' with a vengeance, they 'go in' for all or nothing. It is plain to the meanest understanding that any home for their later years in which their butterfly style and trifling ways will not prove ridiculously out of place, is a lot that neither by matrimony nor by matrimony one in twenty can expect to realise. Still ladies shut their eyes, commit themselves to the whirling stream, and in the brilliancy of the possible prize forget the extreme probability of the blanks.

But if ladies will not, as we say, meet the times, let us be fair. Have we any right to wonder? Do not the men do precisely the same? Their own professional earnings are quite on the lottery principle. All the prizes in the church, equally divided, would hardly pay for the education to compete for them. All the fees at the bar would scarcely pay for the circuits and the wigs. Yet men hope against hope, and prefer the mere chance of a higher reward, to compounding for a more certain position in a less enviable line of life.

The anxious mother only does the same. What though by the cold calculations of prudence her income and expectations require that she should draw off with her daughters to train the honeysuckles and help the parson in some Devonshire cottage, and so make sure of a plain gown and plain pudding to the end of their days, with a far more probable match with the land-agent or the parish doctor. This is as unreasonable as to expect the failing merchant to realize and retire into poverty, when a lucky venture—daily talked of for others, so why not for him?—would keep the carriage and mansion in the family still.

And there is this to be said for the ladies, that the prize matrimonial is at once so dazzling and so rich a

prize. Not a few mothers are feelingly aware that when all they have to leave their girls is divided into fractions, and these fractions by safe investments are reduced to their lowest terms, a life of dependence awaits them, from which marriage offers the only escape. Besides, what mother ever forgets the rank and precedence of the married woman, or the triumph of proclaiming that her child is chosen before all.

Yet, strange to say, the marriage desired lies between the narrowest parallels; the gentleman must have the qualifications the least likely to meet together. With the family connections, the profession and the refinement, which are all more or less an earnest of poverty and extravagance, he must combine the income of the plain and plodding sons of busy life. In other wants, if people cannot afford one thing they put up with another—the second best, they say—it must serve. But not so with ladies in respect of their suitors. We rather pity than blame them; but not a jot will their feelings allow them to abate, otherwise, just as the rich manufacturer's daughter is caught by a spendthrift lord, so many a thriving man from debateable ground would be ambitious of the daughter of a needy officer or country gentleman.

But considering how limited is this range in point of standing, ladies look ridiculously high in point of money. At the present day ladies are in a state of strike. The money market is against them. They have too few offers on their own terms, and all others they discourage. They lay themselves out for prizes almost hopeless, till men of practicable income are afraid to offer. Their whole style, dress, and education proclaim them only ambitious to be rich men's wives, and rather bitters than blessings to any one less.

Consequently we are assured by those who mix much with young men, that marriage now enters fearfully little into their plans of life. Time was when the hope of a happy marriage was a stimulus to exertion and a motive to prudence; but now-a-days it is set aside as too generally impracticable, and its place sup-

plied by discreditable arrangements. If the ladies are too refined to put up with the habits of a class below them, not so the other sex. Men arrange with some shopwoman to keep house and make some sort of home for them in lonely evenings, pleading it is the nearest approach to married life that they can afford.

Why then do ladies allow their places to be filled by those of whose existence, till these 'fast' days, they were not supposed to know? They well may answer, 'Oh, thou art the cause of this anguish, my mother!'—and father too. Their whole rearing is often a mistake. They are rather accomplished than educated; rather ornamental than useful, born rather for waste than for thrift, started with the ideas and expectations of a peeress, to subside into the hard economies of village or small town life. Their paternal establishment is one of false appearances. They carry on the ideas and habits of their family, forgetting the estate to support it has well-nigh dwindled away. So the style, taste, and expenses of ladies are altogether out of proportion to the future that awaits them; just as the modern schoolboy's pocket-money is more than he will be able to fritter so lightly as a man.

If parents would only coolly calculate the fortunes they can leave their daughters, and give them ideas in unison, things would soon find their level. Many a chignon would remain on some poor beggar's head; many a flowing robe would be saved from the dirt; and Rotten Row—properly called Rotten—would be thin indeed, when deserted by all whose display is an imposition, the mere flickering of an income fast drawing to its close. But men without a farthing to give, and the merest pittance to bequeath, expect a settlement utterly incompatible with the average means of that class of men to which their daughters aspire. They expect, by some matrimonial juggle, to reap where they have not sown, and clear for their daughters at one jump all the struggles of life.

No wonder the gentlemen cry off.

No, they say, to take a penniless girl is one thing; but to take one with all the ideas of the most affluent, is another. If they would marry contented with a home only very much better than that which one day awaits them if single, we then could venture; but the greatest of all misery must be a restless and discontented wife. Remember, we are no advocates for marrying into poverty. Let Belgravians marry with Belgravians still: but pity 'tis that any should be so reared to 'tread the velvet lawns and marble terraces,' when nothing awaits them but the rugged paths and wintry chill of later life.

When things are at their worst they are on the eve of improvement: a bad trade will soon be given up when once men see it does not pay; and though speculators are very persevering, there is a point in the lottery matrimonial, as in all others, where the hopelessness of prizes, and the flood of blanks, puts an end to the game. Already there are symptoms of a change: first, the foreign market long gave relief; and though to go to India on spec. does not answer, still, marriages to settle abroad are less and less in disfavour: again, if not so particular about climate, if the ladies are not so particular about the age, or the charms of the gentleman who is in a position to offer—May and December meet together, and once more the prudential reasoning of Sir Charles Grandison's day applies again—

'Love matches, my dear' (say the worldly wise), 'are foolish things. Mild, sedate convenience is better than a stark, staring mad passion. Who ever hears of darts, flames, Cupids, Adonises, and such like nonsense in matrimony? No: passion is transitory; but discretion, which never boils over, gives durable happiness.'

So we lately heard a lady exclaim: 'A capital match—a capital match, as to the man, certainly; not at all the sort Miss A. ever wished to marry; but not one woman in twenty does get that.'

The Roman sage of old said that for his daughter he preferred the man without the money to the

money without the man. But in the spirit of Horace, 'the money—by all means, the money—with a decent marriage, if you can; but the money:' so says Rotten Row, from the top to the bottom.

As to age, if the ladies marry the old, or if they wait till they are themselves no longer young, they well may plead that, not affording the feast of love, they simply put up with a cold collation; they begin married life in the middle, and quaff the champagne without the effervescence. In short, with due regard to the table of caste, anything counts as a marriage, and anything counts as a husband. Matrimony is simply a matter of money: Cupid yields to Cocker, and Venus is quite a woman of business. From the scarcity of able-bodied volunteers, she deals in bounties, and presses into her service such veterans and incapables as you would summon from Greenwich or from Chelsea. A clergyman lately said it was to him quite a heart-ache to couple such fine young women as presented themselves to such unlovable louts or wrinkled rônés as now enact the part of bridegroom.

But though all the second-rate material has been used up, the difficulty still continues, the arrears are on the increase, and still the cry is raised, 'They come! they come!' There is a point at which the numbers of malcontents make common cause, and countenance each other in doing something; and will it not be so in the matter in question? Yes; nature will prove stronger than etiquette, or prudence either. To many a woman life without a husband is life without an object, a profession, a sphere for her energies, or the element in which she is intended to live and breathe. We say to many—not to all—some are strongminded females; more head than heart, rather masculine than feminine; and they find a vent ritualistic, radical, or what not. Some also, though proper women, are devoted to aged parents; while others subside into good aunts, ready for all family emergencies—take the rising generation in charge,

and are very mothers to children not their own.

But a large majority of women, having no such sphere, or no such notions, are evidently, by the very yearnings of their nature, rather adjective than substantive, and useless and meaningless while they stand by themselves. They cannot live happily as single women. Every year tries them hard: they grow rather sour than mellow. The once affectionate sisters diverge and grow crabbed, till the same house won't hold them, and they—part.

In many ways Nature asserts her laws. There is with families, as with flowers, a time when certain sorts must be planted out, otherwise the stunted development, and the matted tangle of the pot-bound root does but express the violence done to the distorted natures and the thwarted, nipped buddings of ill-managed flowers of another kind.

Ladies have two alternatives: the one is to marry from a rank beneath their own; and this they will be slow indeed in doing, to the honour of our fair sisters be it said. For, in spite of their slang and their fast style, which are affected vulgarity, and little else, nothing can prove their innate refinement and the real delicacy of nature more than this, that, however little they disguise their eagerness for husbands, those husbands must be 'gentlemen and nothing else.' Their imputed forwardness is limited to their own order, and, however much they may abate in the ago or the looks of their suitor, it is wonderful how rarely an English lady will look on any man from a rank beneath her own.

The other alternative is, to marry on little and live on little. The smart of this alternative is in the opinion of their friends; but when numbers do the same, they will keep each other in countenance, and the smart will cease.

We are no advisers of marrying

into poverty, either positive or comparative; we have seen its miseries too often; that is, poverty, properly so called, and swarming with brats we cannot keep. We once heard a youth, when told he must work, argue with his father and mother that it was very hard: he never wanted to be born; and to bring a fellow into an expensive world like this, with nothing to maintain him, was a great deal too bad. Still, as to marrying with some sacrifice of externals, and being satisfied to begin with very much less than older people enjoy, we regard every such instance as helping to break up that impracticable scale which is now unfortunately regarded as indispensable for the wedded state.

But for this alternative the ladies must first of all induce the gentlemen to do the same, and to this end the first step must be taken by themselves—their whole style must be altered. Whereas at present they make a show of extravagance, they must change to the guise of economy. They must sue and be sued *in forma pauperis*; and the 'neat and industrious,' the 'striving and deserving' character, will be the best they can adopt. To use their own phrase, they must 'go in for' the domestic and economical 'line.'

In this advice we are not addressing ladies of property, but only the many—alas! the very many—whose present style is a deception, and who, if not married, will have one day to exercise the prudence which now perhaps provokes a smile. At the present time, so complete a deception is nine-tenths of the finery we see, that one sex seems born and bred to impose upon the other. Not a few ladies remind one painfully of the little fairies in a pantomime, who, when the transformation scene is over, are doomed to doff the crowns and spangles not their own, and return to their pinnies and skull-caps—all the toggerly their real lot can afford.



A LITTLE DINNER AT GREENWICH.

I HAD promised Charlie Lester the last thing the night before that I would come and breakfast with him the first thing the next morning. Lester lived somewhere in the Temple, two stories up. 'Mr. Jones,' 'Mr. Lighthouse,' 'Mr. Napier,' 'Mr. Lester,' were the four names appertaining to the right-hand side of the second-floor, painted at the entrance to the staircase and over the door. It will be sufficient to remark that Mr. Jones was deceased, that Mr. Lighthouse was on the Continent for the last two years, that Mr. Napier had married, and surrendered both his profession and his rooms, although he did once in a season send to ask for any letters or parcels—an inquiry constantly negatived; and the inference will be made that the rooms were mostly in the entire occupation of Mr. Lester. We were both late birds, but I had a good reason for being late, having to concoct virtuous-indignation articles for a daily paper. I don't know what excuse Mr. Lester had. At half-past ten I was at his rooms. The laundress admitted me, and in answer to my hungry inquiry whether breakfast was ready, said that Mr. Lester was not awake yet, and had given no orders. To burst into Lester's room, to drag the clothes off his bed, to dash some water on his face, to kick over every chair in the apartment were the means instantaneously adopted to appeal to his right feelings and bring him to a sense of his situation.

'Oh, leave a fellow alone, can't you?' said Lester. 'I'm as tired as a dog. What in the world are you making all this noise for in the middle of the night? What is the matter?'

'Breakfast is the matter,' I sternly replied. 'You asked me to breakfast with you, and there is no breakfast.'

'The mischief I did! I thought you had asked me to breakfast, and I was going to send you a telegraphic message to say I was too sleepy to come.'

'You idiot!' I said; 'do you think I should have put off breakfast till dinner-time? I am not going to do so now. Mrs. Flanigan, get me some breakfast, instantaneously.'

'What will you please to have, sir?' said the laundress, who was used to Lester's vagaries.

'Oh, any trifle will do,' I answered. 'Some cold fowl, a lobster, a little *pâté de foie gras*, some brandy and seltzer, and lots of ice.'

'Get 'em as quick as you can, old fellow,' said Lester; 'and here's the "Times." I'll be with you some time in the morning.'

I had nearly worked my way through a very satisfactory breakfast, when Lester sat down in his shirt-sleeves, and saying he would 'drive in a coffin-nail,' he seized an effervescing draught of his favourite description.

Worthy Mrs. Flanigan had left the rooms on a round of professional duties, which generally took her out of any come-at-ability for the morning.

Just then there was a brilliant little knock at the outer door, of the trill-a-trill order.

'A double knock, by Jove, Charlie,' I said; 'and two to one it is a femininity, by the sound of it. Oh, you artful scoundrel!'

'Not a bit of it. Has never been such a thing on the staircase in my life, and I don't believe in it. We can very soon settle that point.'

Then Lester went to the door in his shirt-sleeves; and presently there was a recoil of amazement; and to my infinitely-amused ears there came the following dialogue.

'Good morning, Cousin Charlie; how do you do?' and, unless my ears deceived me, there was an osculatory murmur.

'Oh, I say,' said Charlie, 'this is pleasant, but wrong. Awfully glad to see you, and all that sort of thing, but who the dickens are you? Come in though.'

'Don't you know me? It's me, and this is Missie.'

'Good gracious! why, I shouldn't

wonder if it's little Clara Byng, from Devonshire, and her cousin.'

'Little Clara Byng, indeed! And you had the incivility not to know me!'

'But you've changed so, Clara!'

'Well, people change sometimes between thirteen and eighteen, Cousin Charles. You've changed yourself in the last five years. But won't you let us go and pull your law-books about?'

'With the utmost delight,' said Charlie; 'only I must tell you that there's a confounded fellow in the next room who is insisting on having breakfast at this late hour.'

'Oh, never mind the confounded fellow,' I called out from the next room. 'He's finished breakfast long ago, and he's got a coat on—very unlike you, Master Charles.'

The young ladies presently came in, and there was a laughing introduction. A tall, handsome, clever-looking girl was Clara Byng. Her cousin, whom she called 'Missie,' was an Anglo-Indian, pale, pretty, and very silent and shy.

'We have come up from Devonshire to see London,' said Miss Byng.

'Why couldn't you tell a fellow you were coming?'

'Because, Cousin Charles, I didn't durst to. You used to snub me so dreadfully when I was a little girl and you were a big man at college. Besides, Uncle Timothy said that we oughtn't to disturb you at your law studies. And aunt made a great fuss about it before she gave us leave to call.'

'At Un-cle Tim-o-thy's?' repeated Lester, with a dismal countenance and prolonged emphasis. 'And does Uncle Timothy profess to show London to you?'

'Yes, indeed, Charlie, and we've seen a great deal. We were out all day yesterday—terrible rakes! We went to the top of the Monument in the morning, to Primrose Hill in the afternoon, and wound up with Madame Tussaud's in the evening.'

'One day we went to the Polytechnic,' said silent and solemn Missie.

'And we've seen,' added the lively Clara, 'the British Museum, and

the Mint, and the Tower, and St. Paul's Cathedral, and the outside of Westminster Abbey, and the National Gallery.'

'I say, Lester,' I said, 'your fair cousin almost takes away my breath by the mention of this rapid rush of dissipation.'

'I say, girls, I suppose Uncle Timothy hasn't taken you to any parties or amusements, has he?'

'No, indeed, Charlie; and I confess I should like to see a little. He and aunt are going out to dinner to-day. He says he could not take us, lest it should unsettle our minds. We may go to the Botanical Gardens if we like—and won't you come with us?'

Uncle Timothy, as Lester subsequently explained to me, could play a very good knife and fork, and was truly cavernous in his reception of wines. But he was very severe on the taste for amusement which was so alarmingly prevalent among his fellow-creatures. He limited their recreations to those which were of a strictly intellectual and improving character, among which he probably regarded his own pet taste of gormandizing. He did not often trouble his nephew Lester with invitations, partly because he wished to suppose that Mr. Lester was absorbed in his legal studies, and partly because he had a sort of uneasy idea that his undutiful nephew quizzed him.

On this occasion Lester escorted his cousins home to their West-bournian abode and took lunch there. I proceeded, fortified by a moderate series of sherry-cobblers, to regenerate society by means of my improving leaders.

Lester took his pretty cousin and her friend home, and besought leave from the avuncular relative that he might take them out and amuse them. He tried also to instil into his uncle and aunt some more liberal notions on the subject of amusing the young ladies. 'Might not his cousin, Lady Clara, call upon them? He knew that she was anxious to be introduced, and that she was going to give some nice evening parties next week, and would be so glad to have them,' &c.

'Dancing parties, I suppose?'

said Uncle Timothy; 'or some of those parties where people from the Opera, or some of that lot, get up to sing?'

Lester owned that the one contingency or the other was highly probable.

Uncle Timothy made a gesture of dismay, pointing in an abdominal direction, and supposed to indicate a nethermost region. And in some sort of sense I suppose it was a bottomless pit.

'If you take them out, Charles,' said Uncle Timothy, magisterially, 'I insist that you bring them back by tea-time.'

Lester said he thought that would be very early these long and lovely summer evenings.

'At all events we shall be much displeased,' said Uncle Timothy, 'if we do not find them at home and in bed when we return from our dinner-party, a little before ten. We will leave out the cold mutton, that you may have something with your tea,' said Uncle Timothy, before whose mind was now floating a delicious vision of venison. 'You also had better take some refreshment when you come home, Charles.'

Charles murmured his thanksgivings.

'Now, girls, you had better take some lunch. Try some of this boiled rice. Your cousin Charles won't care to waste his time taking you into a pastrycook's.'

'Where do you propose to take them, Charles?' quoth Uncle Timothy, magisterially.

'I hardly know, Uncle Timothy. The girls appear to have seen very little of the river, and if it's fine, I thought of taking them down the river as far as Greenwich.'

'Very nice, indeed,' quoth Uncle Timothy. 'There is a great deal that is very interesting and instructive in Greenwich. The colonnades are particularly imposing; and do not forget to examine well the seapictures. And can you tell me, Clara, what was the date of the foundation of Greenwich Hospital? No, you can't. Well, I don't recollect myself, this morning; but I'll look into "Magnall's Questions," one of these days.'

'If you want to be very dissipated,' said Mrs. Tim, 'you can invest something on the ponies or donkeys. Take care your young charges don't give you the slip and come home and have their tea without you, Mr. Charles.'

When Lester and the young ladies came back to chambers, they found me ready, and some sherry-cobblers as well.

'It's brutal hard lines,' said Charlie Lester; 'these poor girls have only got till nine or ten o'clock. If I take them to any public amusement they will have to come away just as they begin to enjoy it.'

'I've settled it all in my own mind, Lester, only we haven't got a moment to lose. There's a morning performance at the Opera to-day. We shall just be in time. Then we'll get down to Greenwich by rail or water, and have a quiet little dinner there, and we'll drive back in the cool of the evening in an open carriage.'

Clara testified her approval by instantaneous clapping of hands. Shy little Missie also looked very delighted.

I need not describe the Opera. By great good luck we were able to secure, on the last moment, some vacant stalls. The girls had never been to the Opera before. They described themselves as wrapt in Elysium: we were all in an Elysian frame of mind.

We drove 'across country,' as Lester called it, to London Bridge; and here again we were Elysian, as we just caught the steamer.

It was very pleasant indeed on the steamer—an Elysian steamer that might be sailing on the amber clouds, drawn by doves and cupids, for all we knew. Charles was evidently improving that delicious and susceptible relationship of consanguinity; and I devoted myself towards developing the dormant capabilities of that dusky angel, the silent Missie, whose fortune, stated in Indian rupees, sounded absolutely prodigious to the unassisted mind.

I am bound to say that we certainly did improve the occasion quite as well as Uncle Timothy,

with all his avuncular assumption, could have done. Lester told us all about the gentle Queen Mary, and almost repeated by heart Macaulay's noble description of the origin of the hospital after the battle of La Hogue. As we passed by some stately outward-bound ship, he murmured Wordsworth's line—

'Where lies the land to which you ship must sail?'

We contrasted the peaceful river, with its thronged friendly shores, with the unknown perils of the great deep beyond. Sedate Missie astonished us by suddenly breaking out into reminiscences of her long Indian voyage; saying how they had stopped at St. Helena and at Ascension Isle. Very contentedly we loitered about in the long, echoing colonnades of the Hospital, and made friends with some of the old pensioners who still linger on there, and examined the Nelson reliques, and visited the chapel, and really went through a number of the pictures, and took the rest for granted, as having a very strong family likeness to those which we had examined. I am afraid that clever Clara was cramming up the whole thing, that she might pass a satisfactory examination by her uncle and aunt, and quietly ignore the Opera part of the day. Then we arranged for an open carriage to take us back to town, and strolled in to dinner at the Trafalgar.

The girls evinced a little trepidation at entering a public dining-room for the first time in their lives. Clara, however, with a moment's thought, supported by the consciousness that her train was in the height of fashion, sailed into the coffee-room supported by Missie, who could not look otherwise than stately if she tried ever so hard. Lester would have ordered a private room, but I thought that the aspect of the coffee-room would prove more varied and interesting. For a few moments we stood outside the balcony. Vast and grand loomed London behind us, with the huge dome of St. Paul's lending a consecration to the prospect, the receding sun still blazing through the smoke,

and transfiguring it into all gorgeous dyes. Pleasant was the lapping sound of the water; pleasant the sighing sound of the breeze; pleasant the aspect of the forestry of masts stretching adown the silent highway which is, in truth, London's stateliest street.

Lester ordered dinner. Clara listened with apparent nonchalance, but with her provincial mind somewhat perturbed. The waiter enumerated a dozen kinds of fish—'lobster rissoles, salmon, soles, flounders, eels, John Dory, turbot,' and so on, winding up with whitebait. Oh yes; we would try them all, and have 'something substantial' afterwards. Clara thought that if her cousin could manage all this he would be, like the American young lady, 'pretty well crowded,' and she could hardly understand the 'substantials' afterwards. Then the waiter was to bring sherry and bitters at once; the champagne to be placed in a cooler, claret-cup to be concocted, sherry and hock to be iced. The waiters moved noiselessly about, attending to every want. The blinds were pulled down athwart the open windows, and raised one by one as the declining sun permitted; and they sat late into the long, delicious twilight. The whitebait was in perfection, a proper size—I am afraid the Ministers get them a little too large when it comes to be the time for their dinner. What seducing little fish they are! what pretty little excuses for every kind of culinary dissipation! Clara and Missie found their ideas of a whitebait dinner considerably enlarged by this novel experience. In their Devonshire seclusion they had heard of the institution. They had innocent visions of a mild repast, consisting of whitebait and brown bread and butter, crowned perhaps with a glass of champagne; but a dozen different kinds of fish, and substantials to follow, and champagne in rivulets, and wines and liqueurs (they could not resist the Chartreuse) in endless variety, seemed absolutely stupendous. They pecked away, like the charming little birds they were, at most things, and even did justice

to the substantials after the white-bait. Much clear silvery laughter came from that front central table; and how greatly a Greenwich dinner is heightened in flavour by the presence of beauty and lighthearted gaiety!

A dinner by the waterside is always delightful. Pleasant it is to be dining in some country dwelling, where the thick foliage by the open window sways heavily to and fro, and some babbling stream, or swift river, pleases eye and ear with the silvery light, the silvery sound. Pleasant, too, to be at the seaside, whence, across the flowers and épergues, through the windows, bow or bay, you see the rounded shield of the sea horizon. These are pleasanter, as a perpetuity, than to be here by the bank of the Thames; but still, a dinner by the bank of the Thames is something so entirely unique, so comparatively rare, so picturesque and wonderful in its views, that, for an occasional thing, it cannot be rivalled for its combined philosophy and gastronomy. There are so many avenues of speculation open to you, as you gaze upon the river from the balcony, as the innumerable boats and wherries play about, as the excursion steamers pass by, with their waving hats, and cheers, and sounds of music; as the long steamers, bound to some far-distant port, slowly and solemnly pass on; as the endless fleet of merchantmen and lighters lags lingeringly. Even in the coffee-room itself we may find food for speculation: in those gay young fellows who have come down to have their first dinner now one of them has attained to age and his fortune, and whose imagination absolutely run riot in the profusion of their orders; in that bridal party, who have come down to finish off the events of the day by a Greenwich dinner; in those portly old gentlemen who, I am afraid, come here too often, and habitually feed too well, and who want some more

of the elixir of happiness before their food can do them all the good it might. In Devonshire our fair guests have the stream and the ocean, and by their shores they may oftener have lighter and healthier meals; but I think they will reserve a kindly place in their recollection for their dinner by the waterside at Greenwich, and forgive the ugly, crowded, and unsavoury town of Greenwich, in consideration of that pleasant evening at the Trafalgar.

We call for the bill and settle it: we never consider for a moment whether it was high or not. Whatever it was, it is wonderful that so much happiness can be bought for so little money. Then we drive away in an open carriage across Blackheath, and through some of the prettiest semi-rural lanes of suburban London. I then 'turn to' and write a political article in which I take a peculiarly cheerful view of life and society. Charlie takes the girls home; and, if he can only get there before Uncle Timothy and Mrs. Timothy return, he thinks that the limited time at his disposal has been not unprofitably laid out by the Opera and the Greenwich dinner; and I think he is right. Uncle Timothy comes home, a little flushed in the face, and hopes his nephew and niece have spent an improving day. He proffers cold mutton, which Charlie declines, 'having already had some refreshment.' When he goes home, Clara accompanies him into the hall, and I conjecture that he availed himself of his delightful privilege as a cousin. At all events, he tells me that he shall have to reproach himself as a brute and an idiot for not having properly cultivated his Devonshire relations; and that he is determined to repair this unpardonable omission by resorting thither in the Long Vacation. Thinking that these virtuous resolutions deserve every encouragement, I have kindly signified my intention of accompanying him.

AN AMERICAN WATERING-PLACE AND ITS FREQUENTERS.

IT is a trait of the driving, thriving, business Yankee, that he loves, in his own pithy parlance, to 'keep a-going.' So long as he is permitted to repair daily to his counting-room, to mix with his brother merchants, to watch the rise and fall of gold, and to 'strike a bargain' when and how he can, he is happy. He asks no greater boon than to be allowed to continue in this groove, year in and year out, and year after year. His mind is such a constant dweller in the little room marked 'Private,' at the rear of his warehouse, that he is scarcely conscious of the advent and departure of the seasons, or the changes of weather indicated by the dusty thermometer on his door.

But the poor man has one bug-bear. It dimly haunts him in winter; in 'the perfect days of June' it becomes an ever-present and ever-torturing spectre; and, unless he possesses a moral courage more than human, it never ceases its persecution till it has driven him, fairly frenzied, far from desk and city. The worst of it is that this haunting devil enters into the hearts of his own family; it speaks, and complains, and is now indignant, now appealing, in the mouths of his own wife and daughters.

The detested 'season' has come at last; henceforth there is no peace for the unfortunate man until he yields. It is amusing to see with what subtly feminine tact the wife advances to the siege. She begins by taking it for granted that the citadel is already given up; the only question is, in which direction the next movement shall be made. One day, Hobbs, who has been making a good operation in the city, and, forgetful for the moment of the approaching 'season' and the impending danger, is in glorious spirits, all unconscious takes his seat at dinner, surrounded by his loving family. As his jovial fit grows yet more jovial under the inspiration of choice Margaux, the maternal schemer shoots a rapid

glance, full of pregnant meaning, at her daughters opposite, and clears her throat.

'The girls and I have been considering, dear,' she begins—and Hobbs, mistrustful of her tone, shrinks as suddenly as does a snail, when, basking, half out of his shell, in the sun-shine, he is menaced by a hungry bird—'where we had really best go this summer. Mrs. Washington Tobblot has already taken a cottage at Long Branch; and Mrs. Sturtevant Straggs thinks she will go to Newport. 'Tis such a puzzle to decide between so many places that—'

'But why not, for once, stay—'

'And you are doing so well in business, love,' continues the conjugal address, 'that I feel much more free to choose than I did last year. If it is just as well for you, dear, we will go a little earlier; for otherwise we might lose the chance of selecting nice apartments.'

The discussion, Hobbs's part in which, by the ingenious devices of Mrs. H., is confined to monosyllables and half-completed sentences, continues after this fashion; Mrs. H. succeeds in so reaching her peroration, assisted by an enthusiastic and well-sustained chorus from her daughters, that the matter seems to be entirely settled, and Hobbs himself is fully persuaded that to offer the least hint of remonstrance would be a brutal outrage to the feelings of his womankind. The perplexing question as to the 'Where' is finally settled by the decision of Mrs. Sturtevant Straggs; for Mrs. H., considering that that aristocratic lady drives in a carriage and four—and has a very glaring coat of arms upon her panels, and is in intimate relations with a large party from the West End whose decision determined *her*, and who are going to Newport—and that, moreover, Mrs. S. S. has kindly declared that she would do 'everything in the world' to introduce the Hobbses into her society—all of which are incontestable advantages over Mrs.

Washington Toblott, who has only one horse, and who always lives in a state of haughty and retired grandeur—Mrs. H., cogitating these things, at last makes up her mind to go to Newport too. Hobbs having been, by the attack before mentioned, fairly cajoled into a tacit consent, is now diplomatically informed of the particular spot which is to be the scene of his summer's martyrdom; is advised that, as Mrs. Sturtevant Straggs is going on the 24th of June, he is expected to be ready to accompany his train, and those portable villas, their trunks, to Newport on the day following the exodus of that light of fashion.

But there is no rest for him in the interval between the announcement and the catastrophe. Henceforth his figures and calculations are inextricably mixed up in his brain with the errands which are enjoined upon him at the breakfast-table. He gets to thinking about the rise and fall of patent locks, imagines himself to be speculating in water-proof travelling cloaks, and, although a wholesale sugar merchant, sets down portmanteaus and spy-glasses in his daily balance of profit and loss. Returning up-town in the evening, he finds his dinner in a disgustingly half-cooked and lukewarm state, and his house the scene of disheartening confusion; he stumbles over piles of trunks and bags in the hall; he finds the papers in his library, on which he has been, with great care, figuring out the results of an important 'operation,' thrown in a heap into a corner; the carpets are up, and articles of female dress are hanging upon his arm-chair, and piled in irregular mounds over his desk. All things are topsyturvy; even his womankind, who have been working hard, they tell him, 'getting ready,' present to him red faces and flying hair. Dress-makers and milliners flit meekly by him, and glide out at the front door—a small army of them; they have been immured in the bed-chambers above from early morning, sewing and fitting with all their might. This state of affairs becomes, in a few days, so insupportable, that Hobbs almost wishes that

the time to go would arrive, and 'have it over.' He is beginning to get weak-headed, and forgets his errands, and, what is worse, neglects to seize the chances which are constantly arising for a 'bargain.'

At last the morning so much longed for by mamma and the girls, so much dreaded by Hobbs himself, arrives. The 'portable villas' rise in a lofty pile in the hall; Mrs. H. and her darlings sweep down in the jauntiest of travelling costumes, their dresses making a rustle as they descend much like the shower of gold in the fairy play. Hobbs, too, has been constrained to don a tourist suit; he stands, with the countenance of a social martyr, at the top of the staircase, till the hills of dress have rolled to the bottom; then cautiously descends, and gloomily superintends the porters as they struggle to the carriage, bent double beneath the weight of the 'portable villas.' Mrs. H. and the Misses H. load down the husband and father with the 'little parcels;' and H. finally emerges into the street with two bags in each hand, three shawls thrown over his shoulder, an opera-glass swung across his back, and his fingers nervously grasping the family supply of umbrellas and parasols. When everything—including the ladies—has been stowed away without accident in the carriage, and they begin to rattle over the rough stony thoroughfare of Broadway, Hobbs leans back with a sigh of relief; and they quickly pass the long line of tall buildings, escape, by a marvel, collisions with omnibuses and cabs, and rapidly descend one of the side streets, now catching a glimpse of that unprepossessing, dirty-looking sheet of water which the New Yorkers call 'East River.' Here, at the wharf, wedged in amongst a bewildering crowd and variety of crafts, lies the steamboat which is to take the party to Newport. The ladies sweep over the plank, and repair at once to the cabin; Hobbs remains behind to see after the baggage, which the porters seriously complain of, and for transferring which to the boat they demand double fees—an imposition which

Hobbs, as a business man, resents, but to which he finally yields.

If the reader should accompany Hobbs on board the boat, he would be surprised to observe how commodiously, how luxuriously, how expensively, and even gaudily it is furnished and decorated. Excepting, perhaps, the famous steamboats which ply on the Clyde, there are none in Europe so large, elegant, and comfortable as those which run on the American rivers and lakes. The American steamboats are long and narrow, and are supplied with an upper and lower deck. Immediately on leaving the plank, you find yourself in a large space, covered overhead by the upper deck, and open at either side. Here are situated the captain's and other offices of the boat, and the baggage and freight compartments. A handsomely-gilded and carved door leads to the ladies' cabin, which is richly carpeted, and plentifully supplied with sofas, arm-chairs, marble-top tables, mirrors, pictures, and books. A sleek mulatto stewardess receives the ladies, shows them their berths (which are as snug and comfortable as possible), and, with the pomposity of her dusky lineage, ministers to their various wants. Below deck is the gentlemen's cabin, which is more spacious, and, if less luxuriously decorated than the ladies' cabin, is quite as comfortable. As the steamboats are intended for journeys of from twelve to twenty-four hours, meals are supplied on board. A table is usually set in the gentlemen's cabin, to which all the passengers, ladies and gentlemen, are invited, and upon which is spread a most elaborate and really capital supper. The suppers on board the 'Sound' line, plying between New York and New England, are famous, indeed, throughout America for their excellence; and the price not being exorbitant, the long tables are always fully occupied. Above the ladies' cabin is the upper deck, surrounded by a neat railing, and screened from the sun by a light wooden roof. This is the favourite lounging-place; the passengers assemble there, seated about in groups, and at their ease chat together, ob-

serve the passing panorama, smoke their post-prandian cigars, or read the evening paper which they have bought, damp from the press, as they came on board.

The conveniences of the steamboats are quite equal to those of a first-class American hotel; and it is not unusual for gentlemen to take up their residence on them for a week or two, travelling back and forth on the Sound or the river, enjoying the scenery and the travel, and living altogether on board. Every boat is furnished with a library, cards, dice, dominoes, chess, and backgammon boards; you may always get a capital Havannah cigar at City prices; and you may write, sketch, flirt, lounge, doze, or indulge in almost any indolent pastime you prefer. Especially interesting is a trip on the American steamboat in the 'season.' Everybody is going to Newport, of course; everybody soon manages, with that social facility for which Americans are noted, to get acquainted with everybody else; you have society in epitome, and can learn what New York 'upper ten-dom' is, on that upper deck, as well as if you should make a winter's business of society-hunting in the city. There are Hobbses in plenty—married men of business, who have been dragged away from their counting-rooms, and are serving, very much *malgré* their wills, as escorts to their society-mad wives and daughters; there are the freshest possible specimens of the 'Shoddy' aristocracy, who have become wealthy in a day, use bad grammar and are proud of it, and are released, in their own opinion, by having become a money Power, from the rules of civilized society; there are young snobs by the dozen, with tufts on their chins, a glass in their right eyes, bobby coats, and lisping platitudes; there are ladies of every age, on their way to the great annual matrimonial market; and there, too, are loud politicians from Washington, prosperous doctors from the West End, clergymen with fancy salaries and with lungs needing the sea air, as well as an innumerable crowd of the Do-nothings of this world, who are off

to Newport because they are sick, for the while, of town. You will not fail, however, to find many excellent folk among the passengers; people who are not pretenders, but whom you can enjoy, whom you are glad to have met, and whom you make up your mind to cultivate when you and they reach the journey's end. Perhaps, as you skim lightly and smoothly over the waters of Long Island Sound in the soft twilight of the mid-June night, the effect of the time and scene will be heightened by a sudden burst of song, which comes from a group of passengers at the aft end of the boat, and has been planned by one of those ubiquitous persons who are never wanting on such occasions, and who have a genius for getting up devices *pour passer le temps*. It will, likely enough, be some refrain familiar to everybody—some national air, or war song, or negro melody; and then the company will join in on the chorus, and send it ringing out splendidly over the water.

Even Hobbs and his fellow-mar-tyrs, indeed, when they are once on board, can scarcely resist the infectious gaiety of the scene; for, although it is hard to lure away the hardworking American merchant from his desk and the dusty town, he is afterwards easily brought to bear his lot, not only with fortitude, but even with true Mark Tapley-an jollity.

Steaming out of the New York dock at four in the afternoon, the Hobbess and ourselves reach Newport in some thirteen hours, and may gaze upon the island realm of fashion—the summer paradise of American 'upper ten-dom,' in the sparkling light of the early summer morning. And a more lovely situation for a summer resort than Newport occupies could hardly be imagined. It is a fertile island, bearing a rich and variegated foliage, prolific in flowers, and with pretty undulating hills; situated at the mouth of Narragansett Bay, which, as the reader who is up in his geography remembers, runs northward, splicing the little state of Rhode Island in half. On either side, east

and west, lie the land borders of the bay, dotted thickly with summer villas and parks, the country houses built in every style of architecture, from imitation Rhine castles in granite to the latest French cottage plan. To the south-west is dimly seen the long narrow outline of Long Island, which lies parallel to the mainland of Connecticut and Rhode Island, from New York to Newport; while looking toward the south-east the eye stretches over the boundless expanse of the Atlantic, and reaching the horizon, stops where the waters apparently meet the sky. And here, too, you have every variety of beach and crag and water nook, and may bathe in a broad curve of sandy coast, or angle in among the rocks, where the waters are dark and still, and the fish are plenty and not too shy. Undoubtedly the first thing which would strike an Englishman at Newport would be the exceedingly fresh, new, almost glaring look of that part of the town where the fashionable residences are situated. The seaside cottages and the hotels are mostly of recent construction; but in the business part the buildings are old and dusty, for Newport is really one of the oldest of American towns, and has a certain political importance as one of the capitals of the State of Rhode Island, which is indicated by a prim but not very imposing edifice, where the Legislature meets, and which is called the 'State House.' The hotels are on a scale of spaciousness and luxury which it would be hard to find even in New York; and among them the 'Ocean House,' doubtless familiar to many a reader who has crossed the Atlantic, is famous. It contains ball-rooms, and billiard-rooms, and smoking-rooms, boudoirs that would ravish a French Marquis of the last century, dining-halls which are almost oppressive in their vastness and decorations. The drives, too, along the wide-extended beaches, and over the lovely island, are peculiarly fine; and it is not too much to say that far more attention is paid to horse-racing and 'breeds,' to dashy turn-outs and artistic riders, at Newport, than to its legitimate

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pastimes of sea-bathing and angling.

But men and women, all the world over, would rather hear about men and women than about their sojourning places; and so, with these hints of what Newport is, I will hasten back to the Hobbsees, who are just eagerly crowding, with the rest, up the long, spacious pier. A trifling crisis now occurs in the shape of a family misunderstanding; owing to the fact that Hobbs, among other commissions confided to him in the last few days of 'getting ready,' was instructed to write, engaging rooms at the 'Ocean House,' and forgot it. That annoying fact transpires as the coach, with its ponderous freight of Hobbsees and their multitudinous appliances, starts away from the pier. Hobbs has reason to resume his longings for the counting-room, which have been in abeyance during the voyage; he becomes the target for a trinity of female tongues; and as he gloomily thinks over all the bother he has been to for the past week or more, is fain to mutter to himself how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child—and wife.

When the party arrives in the lofty vestibule of the 'Ocean House,' and the clerk in white neck-tie, and with a quill adorning each ear, politely informs them that the only vacant rooms are on the fifth floor—'In fact, under—hem!—under the roof;' when, with infinite dropping of bundles, and tarryings at the head of staircases to take breath (for both Mr. and Mrs. H. are stoutish), and waiting for keys, they at last reach what the clerk was pleased to call their 'apartments,' their disappointment and indignation has reached its height. For this—three small, hot attic rooms, with windows looking stable-ward instead of ocean-ward, so that when you glanced out of them you would never guess you were near the sea—for this Mrs. and the Misses Hobbs had left their airy brown-stone house on Fifth Avenue, and Mr. H. his beloved arm-chair at the counting-house! Their experience, they find, is not a solitary one. The first floor, the dashy side-whiskered

landlord tells them, was engaged last year; the second was spoken for in the winter; the third had been booked for three months; the fourth was reserved for those who bespoke apartments by letter; and to the fifth all suddenly-arriving mortals were inevitably doomed. So, on this sweltering night in the latter part of June, this not quite, but ambitious-to-be aristocratic family are fain to grumblingly retire into beds which are too short, and in rooms hardly large enough to accommodate their baggage. How it is that the ladies have brought order out of the chaos which their rooms assumed when they unpacked in the morning passes masculine conjecture; still it is clear they have achieved it, for they descend to the breakfast-table at the fashionable hour of half-past eleven in the freshest and most correct of morning toilets; and Hobbs alone, of the party, bears unmistakable indications of not being entirely at home in the great hotel.

Possibly the fashionable day at Newport is not so very unlike that at Scarborough or Brighton. Lounging, flirting, and driving are its not strikingly novel pastimes. To the ladies it is a most laborious, wearying, wearing existence. A very dear friend of the Misses Hobbs, who would not whisper anything against them for the world, tells me that they are by no means late risers, as I had thought from their tardy arrival at breakfast. It appears that they rise between seven and eight, and that it is as much as they can do to complete their toilets in time for the half-past eleven gong. Breakfast occupies, what with chatting, unexpectedly finding old friends at the table, and satisfying the appetite, something like an hour. That meal over, the ladies adjourn either to the sumptuous saloons, in whose alcoves they may continue the delicious little gossip (begun at table, and too good to be lost) over last night's ball; or to the fine broad piazza which runs around three sides of the hotel, from whence they may gaze upon the 'countless amblings' of the sea, and where they may indulge in *tête-à-têtes* with their part-

ners' of the last fashionable *roué*. American ladies, and especially fashionable American ladies, are less energetic than the English. They take far less exercise, are far less fond of robust pleasures. When they reach the watering-places they seem, many of them, to be victimized by inertia; they are loath to stir during the day. The persevering, and the few who go to the sea-shore for the sober object of health, or out of real love for marine nature, hasten off, after breakfast, to the beach, some to bathe, others to walk on the sands, or sketch from a favourable standpoint among the rocks. Parties of croquet are formed—for that delightful game has long since found its way across the ocean—and as you stand on the piazza you will see many a huge waggon rattling by, with long seats on either side, overflowing with merry girls in wide, flabby straw hats, and quite as many ladies of doubtful age, and 'nobby' youths in the jauntiest of seaside costumes, playing the agreeable with all their might—a pic-nic party, bound for some grove in the centre of the island, escaping for a little from the monotonous wash and roll of the waves. The gentlemen—those, at least, who are too indolent or too little gallant to seek companionship with the gentler sex—are smoking in groups here and there, discussing politics almost without exception, or anxiously asking each other about the stock market in the city. Some are prone to wander in the direction of the stables; others will while away the weary morning over the billiard-table, or at a game of 'High-low Jack.' It is both melancholy and amusing to watch poor Hobbs, as the 'long, long, weary day' drags slowly on. He can, for the life of him, find nothing to do. He gets desperately hungry in the morning for his breakfast, which, at home, he is wont to have at sharp seven; and the first day he was at Newport he afforded a fund for a day's amusement among the waiters by incessantly asking one of them if he couldn't have his breakfast as early as nine. He wanders about the vast hotel and through the

streets, hands in pockets; his disconsolate face now and then looms for a moment in the door of the billiard-room; he is seen haunting the reading-room for hours before the arrival of the mail; and the only morsel of comfort which he enjoys the live-long day is when his 'Herald' comes by the evening post, and he may sit crouched up at one corner of the piazza, and gloat over the 'Money Market' and 'Trade Report.' The poor man finally becomes desperate with so indolent an existence, and frantically tries in succession the round of seaside amusements; is in everybody's way at the stables; gets sea-sick on a short yacht excursion; is woefully beaten at billiards; and makes the ladies Hobbs heartily ashamed of him by his incorrigible awkwardness at the pic-nics and in the ball-room. The only joke he ever perpetrated in his life—and that was a disgustingly feeble one—was when, on a fishing-party, he suddenly asked young Topsby (whose father had been a 'war contractor,' and who was attentive to the younger Miss Hobbs) this conundrum: 'Why am I like that perch you've just caught?'

'Dunnow, 'm sure, sir,' replied Topsby, staring, and fairly bewildered at Hobbs's sudden vivacity.

'Because,' returned the prospective papa-in-law, 'I, too, am a fish out of water.' With which weak attempt at sprightliness Hobbs once more subsided to his now habitual gloom.

Speaking of the ball-room, that seems to be, after all, the most attractive spot to the majority of the Newport ladies. Five or six nights in every week, even when the summer heat is at its height, the landlord throws open his superb saloons to his guests, provides a band of music and a sumptuous supper, and the 'light fantastic toe' is tripped in those hot and crowded rooms until far into the next morning. Very many of the lady guests occupy themselves with nothing else than the preparation for, the enjoyment of, and resting after, these festive occasions. They rise at noon, spend the time between their late breakfast and dark with the *coiffeur*

and the dressing-maid, dance and flirt and eat ice-creams and lobster-mad till four or five the next morning, and so go on day after day, and week after week. Mothers and daughters wrinkle and fade visibly under this endless round of fashionable vanities. A more suggestive spectacle than the 'Ocean House' breakfast-table on a morning after one of these *roués* could hardly be described. The languid, tired countenances, yellow and dull, the fatigued walk and listless conversation, the meagre appetite, and sleepy posture at table, attest the miserable effects of constant dissipation. The fashionable world has come to the seaside, not to recruit its wasted energies from the ravages of the winter just gone by, nor to brace itself up for those of the winter about to ensue, but because it craves still its feverish life, and knows that here it may pursue it. And besides, there is with many an ambitious mamma an object in so pertinaciously keeping in the tide of fashion. Despite all Mrs. Hobbs's hopes and stratagems, neither Juliana nor Lucinda have 'formed an engagement' during the winter campaign; and the truth is that they are getting on in years. I believe Mrs. Hobbs to be a really loving and unselfish mother. You cannot persuade me that that very intelligent, quietly-disposed old lady would suffer, as she does, from lateness of hours and utter bodily exhaustion, to indulge her own personal vanity. No; she is sincerely anxious to do the very best possible thing she can for her daughters. Society tells her that the one way to accomplish it is to follow the fashionable stream as the gadfly dogged Io; and she, like many a thousand good women on both sides of the Atlantic, believes it, and sacrifices herself accordingly—and not only sacrifices herself, but the partner of her joys and sorrows also. I know no more melancholy sight than that of parents whose grey hairs tell us that they are fast descending the hill of life, dragged into this maelstrom of fashion by vain, selfish, and shallow-hearted children, and who are uncomplainingly wearing deeper furrows in their

cheeks, in the hope that they may thus secure to those children a brilliant or a luxurious future. Yes; Juliana and Lucinda are passing the climacteric of the marriageable period, and must stand in the best stalls of the great mart. And so Newport and the other American watering-places have got to be—quite as much as Scarborough and Baden and Wiesbaden—marriage-bourses, with their speculators and their victims, with their many pretenders and their minority of the truly worthy.

But there is another and brighter side of this seaside picture. At Newport you will find two distinct classes of society. Although recreation—real, hearty, enjoyable recreation—is not cultivated by Americans with that almost universal zest which is seen in the English, still its importance as a haven to the toilsome year of the working world is becoming more and more appreciated every year beyond the Atlantic. Within a few years, horse-back riding and croquet, sea-bathing and long jaunts afoot, have become fashionable at Newport. Everybody knows what Carlyle says about the oak; how that it stands and grows a thousand years, *silently*; it is passed by unnoticed, till, with a crash, it comes tumbling to the earth. So it is with society everywhere; we are apt to judge that portion which makes the most noise as the typical society of a people. The visitor to Newport, or the reader of newspaper letters describing it, is apt to imagine that the balls and routs, the flirting and lounging and dissipation, constitute all its life in the season. The other class, which goes quietly about the commonplace and not exciting pastimes of recreation, is not noted and is forgotten. While Newport is sought by the fashionable and the marriage-seekers, merely because it is one of the summer centres of the *monde*—while, for them, the fact that there are beaches there, and good fishing, and pretty landscapes, is a minor consideration, and any other place would do as well if only the tyrant Fashion chose to have it so—what a glorious place it is for

those who really seek and love seaside recreation! For instance, there is Miss Laurence, a fresh-faced, fun-loving, early-rising, excursion-planning Yankee girl, whose papa is rich, and has a French 'cottage by the sea,' who has just left school behind for ever, and has come down to have, as she says, 'a summer-long frolic.' Like the sensible girl that she is, she laughs at the snobbish notion which prevails at the 'Ocean House,' that it is vulgar to be enthusiastic, and rude to exert oneself in healthy out-of-door pastimes. You will see her at seven in the morning tripping down to her father's boathouse. Soon a little craft, as neat and jaunty and brisk as herself, shoots out upon the water, rowed by its gay-hearted mistress, who bends to her oar splendidly, and lends to the motion of her boat something of her own airy grace. Of course she returns with the heartiest and most unsentimental of appetites, at which Miss Juliana Hobbs, who has really managed to fulfil a promise to breakfast with her friend at ten, is inexpressibly shocked, and debates within herself whether she should not drop the acquaintance of such a monster in crinoline. Her nerves are to be tried yet further; for, according to her account to her mamma when she returned, fairly exhausted, to the 'Ocean House,' Miss Laurence actually 'kept her playing croquet for two mortal hours without once resting!' Miss Laurence eschews the routs at the hotel, and vastly prefers a little evening 'tea-drinking,' or an impromptu strawberry-fête on the lawn. She finds a little time to visit a favourite ledge of rocks, and sketch; to exercise her swimming powers twice a day in briny ocean itself; to continue her course of history and botany, which however, to tell the truth, is a little irksome down here, amongst all this profusion of varied and lovely nature; joins as many pic-nics and 'clambakes' as she can, and is always ready to assist in planning one; rides, towards dusk, on her beautiful new grey pony; and manages, what with these and similar occupations, to get weary enough to be ready to

retire at about the same hour that the Misses Hobbs's curls are receiving the *coiffeur's* last particular touch, just before they sweep majestically down to the saloon. Is it difficult to conjecture which of these young ladies will lose her youth and spirits first?

I do not know that the Newport world is so very different to that at Scarborough or Brighton. Of course the Hobbses and the Laurences are but two examples among a host. You will find at Newport the same inextricable mixture of pretence and genuineness, of vulgar pomposity and quiet good-breeding, of upstarts and gentlemen, of dreary Mrs. Skewtons and charming Lily Dales. You are sure to see there the best and the lowest types of American character, and, I may add, the best and the lowest types of exotic Europeans, who, for a thousand reasons, creditable and otherwise, have preferred a home in the western to one in their native hemisphere. Spurious Italian counts, and German music-teachers with a *spirituel* air, if they strike the right social stratum—which they are sure to do—live in clover; for what I may call the great American snobocracy—by which I mean vulgar people suddenly become rich, and with it arrogant—who swarm to Newport and Saratoga, and try to lord it there over decent folk—the snobocracy adore nothing so much as a title, or a 'foring' genius, and are only too glad to shower their money on such of this sort as they find willing to receive it. Since the recent civil war, too, it has been fashionable to pet its heroes. Newport fairly revels in these gallant gentlemen, in blue broadcloth and brass buttons, with their 'shoulderstraps' of bars, stars, and eagles, their jaunty, slouchy caps, their magnificent moustaches, and their complexions tanned by Virginian and Georgian suns. And among these, too, there is a curious mingling of the spurious and the genuine—of real heroes who say little of their exploits, and *soi-disant* heroes boasting much thereof. There are the polished New Englander, and the rude, jovial, too familiar Westerner; the loud-talk-

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ing 'statesman,' from the national metropolis, and the retiring man of letters, who is continually annoyed in his secluded cottage by autograph-hunters and newspaper reporters; sportsmen and society men, editors and bankers, clergymen and city legislators—the whole range of occupations and characters from New York. To spend a season at Newport, and mingle in its pleasures, fashionable or recreative, requires money, and money only. The superficial heir of 'Petrolia' enters as easily into its society as the old-family Philadelphian. It is a social democracy, restricted only by one's ability to pay his bills—and this is a restriction by no means trifling. I shall never forget seeing poor Hobbs, one day towards the close of the season, as he sat on the piazza in a sort of stupor, gazing at the hotel-bill, which the clerk, in white necktie, and quill-adorned, had just handed to him. He had been dragged away from his counting-house, and had sacrificed his summer in dreadingly doing nothing, to find his year's income swept away at one fell swoop on the settling-day. For those pitiable 'apartments' under the roof he was charged, with the board for himself and the ladies, five dollars each per day. This was only one, and that not the most serious item. For meals carried to rooms, for carriage-hire, for ball-suppers, for boot-cleaning, for extra service of chamber-maids, for wines (and the prices of wines in England are

trifling compared to their cost in America), for the use of bathing-houses, for a hundred little forgotten items, there were charges which, footed up with terrible correctness at the bottom, nearly reduced my poor friend to a state of idiocy. He paid it, and was excessively disagreeable—the wretch—to the ladies on the homeward journey; and he repeatedly registered an audible oath that this was positively the last time you would catch him at a watering-place. Yet the very next summer I saw him at Saratoga, trying to swallow a glass of congress water without changing countenance, and afterwards wandering disconsolately and gloomily about the hotel corridors. The Misses Hobbs—still, poor things, unmarried—had faded sadly, and as they grew more sallow and old-maidish, made up for it by a more desperate sprightliness and more painful attempts at seeming youthful and brilliant.

Yet, with all the shams and intrigue and affectations of its fashionable side, to me, who prefer its quieter, more healthful, and more genuinely-pleasurable features, Newport is a glorious sojourning place; for its charm is the charm which the contrasts of Nature, beautifully and romantically various, inspire; and in its wealth of scenery, and bounteous provision for every sort of holiday recreation, he would, indeed, be hard to please who could not spend the summer quickly there.

G. M. T.

LONG VACATION.

A SKETCH BY 'WAT BRADWOOD.'

'Burning Powder.'

IN a flying country like ours, bordering but little to the south-west of the 'shires,' all grass, bullock-fences, and many a fifty-acre enclosure, foxes and pheasants were bound to find a co-existence. Sir John, our M.F.H., held aloof from our home preserves during the cub-hunting season, and found other covers in which to blood his young entries. But no stretch of etiquette

on the part of the hunt, or selfishness on ours, could be pleaded to prevent our hangers and spinnies from being thoroughly rattled in their turn, so soon as the leaf began to fall, and the first home meet of November had been inaugurated. There was not one of us but held the cream of the hottest corner in the best battue of the season as dirt cheap compared to a good start

down wind of a large field from Kerrel Gorse, with only four couple of hounds on the scent, the rest flying to the cry, a stiff stake and bound between ourselves and the most immediate followers, and unlimited fencing before us.

No wonder, then, that though we had always a capital *réchauffée* of cover-shooting to fall back upon when the Christmas frosts choked off the hunting, and gave respite to forelegs already the worse for wear and tear, we invariably took care to break the ice so far as practicable, even if the luxuriant foliage of early autumn prevented us from exactly skimming the cream of the covers, so soon as the 1st of October changed the erst fostering and fatherly keepers into traitors to the trusting tribes of long tails, and gave pretext to our breech-loaders to deal them storms of leaden hail in lieu of their accustomed dole of grits and barley-meal.

Gaudily and rapidly had our Long Vacation passed away, and from the day when the glorious 12th of August had opened the campaign of powder and shot, we had done our share, so far as it lay in our power, of the slaughter of the season. Cresswell's governor, a wealthy merchant, whom the stern realities of 'Change and multifarious directorships enchaind in Hyde Park Gardens during the major part of the year, used conscientiously to take his holiday outing in the summer, in the bosom of his family; and this season, in consideration of the ripening years of his young hopeful, and the fact that the aforesaid young man had recently passed his responsions ('with great *éclat* and distinction, as his tutor himself informed me,' quoth the worthy merchant), the migration had been to a Perthshire moor, of some 20,000 acres, of which the old gentleman had taken a seven years' lease in prospective.

The same trio that had graced the log of the centre-board 'Lily,' on her memorable cruise down the Thames in July, found themselves, not much more than a month later, watching the red sunset over the braes of Ochquiddar on the eve of

the 11th, listening to the ch-o-r-r-k of the old cock grouse as he called his brood around him, little dreaming of the fate of the morrow.

We had overhauled our guns some dozen times that day, gossiped with the gillies, proved to our satisfaction that a new importation of pointer pups would stand and back with stanchness worthy of their progenitors, basked in the afternoon sunshine, gazed over the purple stretches of heather till our feet fairly itched to be beating through it on to the neighbouring broo', and finally, having completed six o'clock dinner and its concomitants, and dismissed the woman-kind to the drawing-room and croquet-ground on which it opened, had lighted our cabanas, stretched a railway-rug on a mossy slope in front of the shooting-box, and ranged ourselves round a double tankard of Lafitte-cup, to enjoy the apolauistic repose and contemplation of the morrow to which we felt ourselves entitled.

We had a jolly month of it, so far as sport was concerned, shooting three days in the week, sometimes a fourth, for there was a splendid bit of snipe bog which we successfully beat more than once on off days; and salmon-fishing or trout-spinning on the alternate days killed time in the most rapid manner till nearly the close of the second week in September.

I had other reasons at the time for enjoying the sojourn, which, however, were reversed with tenfold bitterness when the hour of departure drew nigh. Like many a young fool has done before now, I insensibly lost my heart in the society of Mary Merryman, the most sisterly of cousins (not mine, but Cresswell's), who, with one or two others of the female tribe, made up our complement at Ochquiddar Lodge. She was some three years older than myself, blithe, blonde, buxom, the pink of good-nature. She took me under a sort of sisterly protection, and never, in her unsophisticated nature, dreamt of the mischief she was perpetrating. She refilled my cartridge-cases, tied flies better than any local fisherman as

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gaffed both my salmon, and painted in water-colours the lodge, and braes as background, for me before I left.

At one time my dignity received a shock to hear that, in a conversation with her cousin, she had set down my age as sweet seventeen (I, within a month of quitting the 'teens' for ever); but I forgave the insult and laugh it had occasioned for love, and soon became more hopelessly entangled than ever.

On the eve of our departure I could no longer keep to myself my tale of sorrow, and poured my aspirations, with pleas for mediation, into the ears of young Cresswell over our evening weed. My indignation at his unfeeling cachinnation was only equalled by the horror of hearing him express his astonishment that I had not been long ago aware that my adored was betrothed to a hard-working London curate, and was but waiting a promised piece of preferment to change her patronymic to the inharmonious one of Jones.

I had no sleep that night, and appetite failed my breakfast on the morrow. I kept my own counsel; and though at one time I contemplated suicide with my Westley-Richards, the remembrance that one or two cartridges had missed fire in the yesterday's rain, and fear of disappointment if I assayed such purpose, deterred me from extreme measures.

I bade farewell in a choking voice, and told my friend that I should never smile again.

I cursed yet welcomed the 'Limited' as it bore me further and faster from the scenes of my sorrow, and reached with broken heart the 'Angel' of Doncaster. A social rubber with kindred spirits soothed melancholy for the hour; a modest 'pony' landed on the Leger, and doubled upon the Champagne Stakes, led me yet to believe in a bright side of nature; and, a week later, a winning mount in a handicap hurdle race at Hendon, eulogistic comments upon my riding and 'finish' from one or two 'turf prophets' in the sporting journals, who never themselves rode over a fence in their lives, or could tell a three-year old from an aged horse's

mouth on examination, soothed and flattered my fast-healing heart; and by the time that our trio had once more united itself at my mother's house in the last days of the month, I began to feel something like my own self again.

We had a large party at breakfast on the morning of October 1. In the house were, besides the trio so often alluded to, of Lee, Cresswell, and myself, Colonel Phillips, my maternal uncle, one of the best sportsmen of his day, whose feats in pigskin at St. Albans, Aylesbury, and Cheltenham are still written in the chronicles that tell of Jem Mason and Lottery, Lord Glamis and The Switcher; whose lithe, wiry figure was well known in the Shires in the reign of Sir Richard Sutton as the physiognomy of the M.F.H. himself; and though no gambler by nature, in preference to other more legitimate excitement, his pale face had been seen at the green board of Crockford's in its later days as he impassively called his fifteenth successive main and broke the bank for the evening. Still a bachelor, he had tasted life in all its phases, and, apparently unscathed by the ordeals of his younger days, devoted his whole energies of late years to his widowed and only sister, and their joint guardianship of my gossiping self.

Vis-à-vis to me over the turntable there sat Ned Vernon, our Conservative M.P., Lord de Gorham, owner of the late Derby winner, and a sort of umbra of his, devoted to his noble patron, at that moment pluming himself upon the honour of his annual visit to Gorbamburgh, and whom, at his lordship's request, my uncle, as master of the ceremonies, had included in the list of invitations.

Mr. William Mill, as this guest was known to the world at large, had led a chequered existence in his earlier days. Born of a good family, a younger son, with that curious conformation of character so frequently evoked now-a-days by the beauties of competitive examination, of a fair supply of wits and general knowledge, but utter deficiency of 'sweat' and the sixth sense of 'tact,'

he had passed out of Harrow with 'credit,' so said his tutor, 'a boy who had never given them a moment's uneasiness, or done an ungentlemanly action;' 'a good-natured moke,' by general consent of his schoolfellows. He had never aspired to prowess as an athlete, or fame as a bookworm; he had no enemies, few acquaintances, and still fewer friends; he passed forth into the outer world, and the place thereof knew him no more.

His Cambridge career was a parallel nonentity. He had wits enough to have made him a very passable member of society, *quâ* conviviality and social intercourse, had not his entire dealings with his fellows been rendered insipid by his utter absence of *savoir faire*. This instinct was totally lacking to him, and it was solely owing to his ready memory and inventive faculties that he was enabled step by step by sheer diligence in after life to lay down for himself conventional codes of social *bonhomie* which should act as seasoning to his otherwise tasteless character.

Meantime his incapacity for hunting, rowing, rackets, cricket, or any of the standard athletics of the University led him to seek amusement and excitement in other enterprise; he had, or fancied he had, a knowledge of turf matters, talked sapiently of Derby favourites, analysed handicaps, studied the subject of breeding, swore by stud records, and made a book on all principal races. There was something quaint in his assumed authority, his grave enunciation and dogmas upon racing affairs, his frequent blunders and ludicrous *fiascos*; as 'Horsey Mill' was he known by the end of his second year, on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*.

He worked his own downfall; Daniel O'Rourke's Derby burnt his fingers, and a bill-discounting transaction that had cleared off his debts of honour caused a rupture between himself and his paternity and checked the progress of his degree. There is no doubt that his governor was too hard upon him. Nine out of ten would have condoned similar tactics, even in a dozen younger

sons; but Mill's concomitant want of tact widened instead of repairing the breach and caused ultimate separation.

To his credit it must be said, he rose to the emergency, brought his really fair abilities into play, and thenceforward lived by his wits. His pardonable egotism upon horsey matters found grace with a daily editor who himself could not have told a donkey from a thoroughbred, still less detected the nonsense of Mill's compositions, and he was soon installed as turf critic and analyst.

His custom soon spread to other publications: ignorant though he was about the points or merits of any individual horse, he was not more so than the bulk of turf critics and tipsters, and being a gentleman by birth and education was at least free from the coarse vulgarity and impudent familiarity that graced the bulk of their compositions. He had a knack of picking up and weaving into shape gossip of all sorts and sizes, and as scavenger or tout for latest news he was a useful purveyor. That in point of science and criticism his writings told no more than the most ordinary reader already knew, was the fault, not of the writer himself, but of those who expected better things of any of his class.

Under various cognomina—'Tiresias,' 'Mercurius,' 'Tallyho,' he contributed to various publications: and although his last essay of the week was, of course, a watery *réchauffée* of his preceding articles, it did well enough for those for whom it was meant, and helped to bring a comfortable income into the pockets of the outcast. To his noble patron, De Gorham, he had been of use in more cases than one; the pen of 'Tiresias' and his doubles was always patient of his bidding, when some Jockey Club dispute, turf scandal, or wrangle as to the separability or inseparability of bets from stakes demanded direct exposition one way or the other, as suited the views of the noble legislator. The articles of his satellite were the organs' exponent of his views, just as the 'Standard' of the Derbyites, the

'Telegraph' of the Hebrews and ultra Liberals, and the 'Star' of Fenians, Unions, Baptists, Niggers, and John Bright. To do Mill and his patron justice, frauds and robberies found scant mercy at their hands, and by them many a sound reform was proposed, many an evil doer unmasked.

But whatever may have been the excellent and private value of Mr. W. Mill in his professional practices, his pretensions as a sportsman were of the most indifferent kind. His reputation had preceded him; we knew too well that on his first visit, three years ago, De Gorham confided him and two muzzle-loaders to the care of a trusty keeper, with strict orders to load for the gentleman, and on no account to allow him any shot in his barrels. We knew that the old shooting pony, to whom the august corpus of the augur had been once entrusted at a lawn meet, shunted his burden at the first gap into a bed of brambles that made the aspirant feel like a pincushion for many a day. We had read and chuckled over the flowery description of the battue and his own leading score therein from the pen of 'Tiresias,' and of the ten-mile run from point to point, and the forward, not to say leading position at the finish that 'Mercurius' had occupied, and we knew, forewarned, forearmed, the party with whom we had to deal.

He was a good doer at breakfast for a man habitually inert, and his get-up was correct in the extreme; new gaiters, roundabout velvet coat, chaste knickerbockers, and coloured linen shirt. He was laid out for ornament at least, if not for use, and was honestly endeavouring to make himself agreeable to my little sister, a minx still in the schoolroom, possessed of imperturbable gravity of countenance and keen sense of the ludicrous, who, feigning utter ignorance of all matters concerning dogs, game, preserves, and horse-flesh, was drawing scientific and loud instruction from her fascinated neighbour, thanking him cordially as each step of education progressed, and lulling him into blissful unconsciousness that he

was the cynosure of laughter of the whole table, and an object of anxiety to his patron, whose anxious glances betokened a man who feels he has let a strange dog loose in a drawing-room, and is by no means sure that he will not compromise his propriety.

His fears were unfounded; despite his vagrant life, 'Tiresias' had sufficient education to do nothing unsuitable to a gentleman, however well adapted to the character of an ordinary booby; and amused though we had all been at listening to his edifying discourses during the meal, none felt better pleased than the gentleman in question with himself, as he lighted his cigar in the billiard-room, and proceeded to join the procession to the servants' hall, where Martin, our head keeper, and with him Job Amos and Larry M'Mahon, two of his subordinates, were waiting our arrival.

Three retrievers in slips were there, and a large silken liver-and-white cocker spaniel, Rose, my especial property, the only one of her kind suffered in the beat, and who, perfectly educated in all branches of cover duty, knew well her position on sufferance, when human beaters superseded canine springers. Our Clumber team had fallen to decay since my father's death, and we followed the usual fashion of well-drilled beaters and their poles, some fourteen of whom were at this moment sucking in old ale in the stable quadrangle. Rose would have broken her heart to miss the sport; and content to range within a dozen feet either side of me, she did duty as my private retriever, and would seldom condescend, except at my especial solicitation, to 'go seek' for any one else's booty.

Greetings, gossip, and compliments with the officials occupied some few minutes ere we proceeded to the business of the day. The 'Home' covers in the park and at the back of the 'Home' farm were to be our beat, not seven minutes' walk from the house.

We formed line and marched, picking up our *corps d'armée* in the court below, and soon ranged ourselves at the base of a small

outlying triangular spinney, bordered by the main road. Martin quickly sketched the plan of action according to his fancy, four guns in cover with the beaters, De Gorham, Vernon, and Lee forward; Larry received strict injunctions from my uncle to keep close to Mill and prevent him from giving cause for a coroner's inquest upon either suicide or manslaughter.

A little judicious flattery and diplomacy on the part of both of us induced the augur to take his stand on the left of the line, and we breathed somewhat more freely.

We rattled the cover merrily and emerged at the open to participate in the benefits of the hot corner at the finish. 'Tiresias' was perfectly ruddy with delight, rubbed his hands, stroked his collar, counted his cartridges, smelt his gun, and looked round for compliments, and could hardly conceal his disappointment when, in planning the campaign for the next cover—an eight-acre stretch of high wood, crossed with rides, to be taken in two beats—the inexorable Martin still posted him on the extreme left, and even scubbed the augur's gentle hints that he coveted the experiment of a situation forward.

This time I found myself on the left but one, two beaters intervening between myself and the tipster of the 'Morning Mail.'

We had hardly completed half the first beat, and the fusillade was fast and furious, when, 'Mark!' hollowed a beater to the right, who had recklessly pioneered at a little in advance of the line. It was something in the way of ground game that sprang from the bramble dyke that edged the ride we were approaching, and my gun in another second would have followed my eye, when the flash of a long white tag through the underwood checked my arm. The augur was on the alert and gun at shoulder, well in advance. 'Hold hard, don't!' I hollowed, 'it's a'—Bang! bang! went both barrels of the prophetic gun, and a grand dog fox scurried down the ride and dodged unhurt to the underwood below. 'Ye warmed his brush,

yer honour,' quoth the attendant Larry; 'but I'm thinking ye shot behind him—glory be to God!' and 'Tiresias,' innocent of the quadruped's character, or of his own risk of vulpecide, stammered explanations of the intervening foliage that obscured his vision, and pushed on radiant as before.

At the end of this second beat lunch was awaiting us, and a very pleasant interlude it formed.

There is nothing so social as a shooters' pic-nic, yet, except in the way of a contingent convenience to sport or travel, there is really no sound excuse to be alleged for the present rage for pic-nics, or 'gipsy parties,' in cold blood, as our fathers and mothers styled them twenty years ago. There is hardly a seaside meeting, or country-house summer gathering, but where pic-nics are sure to be improvised as afternoon employment. There is no accounting for tastes, and such variety may be pleasant to ladies; but what interest the lords of creation can find in such performances, save as a facility for flirtation, it is hard to say. They have to wait on womankind instead of taking care of themselves; the salt is forgotten, the salad oil spilt in the tart, the flies rioting in the mustard, and wasps squabbling in the claret-cup. Ants and spiders find their surreptitious way up the legs, and damp moss facilitates lumbago. The whole party have come for one special and definite object—to eat an early dinner; unless they are gourmands such an aim as an *ipso facto* pleasure is futile: if they do really love a good meal they have no chance of enjoying it, what with the drawbacks of insects, vermin, and moisture. They have no ulterior aim or end, and though keen at the idea in prospect, return home disgusted with the wearisome failure in retrospect. If the charm to the young ladies consists in the absence of chairs, tables, and similar marks of civilization, surely their host would gratify their ambition with lunch laid upon the library floor. If novelty of waiting upon oneself be the attraction, the lords and ladies of high life below stairs

would gladly surrender the honour of laying the table and subsequent washing up. But when the main object of the day is something superior and ulterior—when the meal is not the aim but the adjunct of the performance—a sylvan feed can boast its own novelties and attractions; hard work lends Spartan condiment to comestibles; the bags, past and future, form ample fund for conversation; the discomforts of insects and reptiles are forgotten or condoned in the excitement of hunger and self-satisfaction; the scene itself has its charms, if only from its vicinity to and connection with the all-engrossing sport; the woods are waving in the autumn sun, or birds from the last-scattered covey calling in the distant turnips, or salmon plunging below in the 'grey shot' cast of the rippling river at our feet. Then there is enchantment in the scene; instead of a hasty sandwich and grumble at delay, the broad spread cloth and *menu* of luxuries displayed have a charm of their own; and if any of the fair ones of the house have driven up in the pony chaise to join the meal and congratulate or condole with the sport, they become doubly welcome; and never is the social weed more enjoyable as a finale to the interlude, while winds are sighing, sunbeams glancing, and waters chiming as they flow. More than ever is this byeplay welcome in the hotter days of September; a pleasant 'carpenter scene' to kill the time in that nondescript afternoon hour when birds are neither out of turnips nor on to stubbles, and it is hard to say where to find them; and even in the hoary depths of winter there is a charm, when the body is well clothed and the blood in fiery circulation, to sit on an unhinged gate round a 'bot pot' of Irish stew, brought straight from the house in the pony's panniers, while the thermometer stands at thirty degrees in the sun, and a grim satisfaction of 'spiting' the frost and apparent inclemency of weather cannot restrain itself.

We had no womankind to grace our sylvan board that day, but we

were socially festive, and the angur as good as a play, while he slowly selected from a bag of 149 head at least thirty pieces of game as the spoil of his own hands. I believe he was earnest in his conviction: like the bewildered recruits of Gettysburg, he often could not distinguish the report of his own gun from those of others. We held our peace, though Larry muttered to the colonel that not a feather or fur had fallen to the left-hand gun that morn, and with the innocent egotist ignorance was the summit of bliss.

There were two more beats to be accomplished, the last a rhododendron and Spanish chestnut fringe that ran round the lower end of the lake in front of the house. An earnest private appeal to the sympathies of Martin procured 'Tiresias' a situation forward in the last beat of the day; and, burning to distinguish himself, he, with his faithful Larry, took up his post at the first cross ride.

Of course the old hare soon began to steal away to the lower end as the enemy invaded from the top. To judge by the fusillade from the right-hand corner in advance, the bag should have been fuller by a dozen head at least, but no friendly aim was nigh to 'wipe' the prophetic eye, and leave spoils for the disputed claims of Larry's charge; and even Mr. W. Mill himself was fain to own that they ran across too fast for him.

At last, however, the quick eye of Larry espied an old jack hare sit quietly on the fringe of the underwood as he came to the edge of the ride and listened for the enemy behind. He beckoned to 'Tiresias,' who stood not five-and-twenty yards from the prey, and the latter eagerly raised his piece and fired at the sitting innocent. *Suish!* went the hazels a couple of yards above the ground, and the old hare himself hopped across, undismayed by the second barrel which followed him. 'That's right, yer honour,' quoth Larry, never at a loss for a compliment, 'ye made him lave that!' And Mill, placing his glass in his eye as he contemplated the retiring

puss, hazarded, in defence of his apparent lack of skill, a general technicality that he had heard from others ere this, and on which he could safely venture, that 'rabbits can carry a ton weight of shot in their hinder parts;' and then, as the advancing line began to come in close vicinity to the intersecting ride, followed his Mentor round the outskirts to the extreme end of the fringe for the final beat of the day.

This bit was to be the cream of our sport; the belt was narrow, and nothing had any excuse for running back if the beaters played their part well. The cover itself varied from breast height to eight feet at the most, and of course a large proportion of the pheasants were forced to rise under the disturbance before they reached the 'hot' end and found their shelter concluded. However, the majority of the ground game fell to the lot of those who were posted at the end of the strip.

I had myself, though a volunteer, and yeoman to boot, never exactly been on campaign or under fire, and could scarcely repress a feeling of nervousness as I found myself *vis-à-vis* at my corner with the flushed and happy 'Tiresias,' not forty yards distant, blazing indiscriminately at every bunny and hare that shot out from the shelter of the underwood, and at the few far distant rocketers that managed to run the gauntlet of the advancing line.

At first my instinct led me to shelter myself behind the angle of the corner, standing in ample view of all game that bolted, but out of sight of my antipathy, in hopes that he would confine his attentions to the open.

There was no safety in concealment. A wounded cock pheasant, that fell crashing through the boughs of the ash saplings at the corner, drew a volley from my *vis-à-vis* that rattled not three feet over my head and drove me to show myself promptly, lest he should think me annihilated by the last volley, and consider himself, in consequence, at liberty to blaze in any direction without future risk.

I miscalculated his self-restraint and powers of judging distance:

thrice was the turf furrowed not twenty yards in front of me, and the pellets ricocheted in all directions round my legs. I hailed, and ventured to suggest the advisability of allowing the game to cross clear of the line between us before he fired, but received an assurance that Mr. W. Mill knew what he was about, was flattered as his 'dear fellow,' and reminded that there was no danger if I 'stood still and did not get in the way.'

Nearer and nearer came the line of beat, and faster and faster came the ground game as they scurried across the open in front of us and made for the shelter of a fir bank a hundred yards further off.

'Mark cock!' electrified us all;—the first cock of the season, and so early too. Two of the line behind us blazed successively at him as he glanced across a glade and dived along a track parallel to the line of advance. The third shot—Lee's second barrel—dropped him. 'Tiresias,' excited by the turmoil, would not be denied, and as the prize fell blazed furiously not more than thirty yards to the left of where the cock had last been seen.

A stifled curse from his lordship of Gorham made my blood run cold, and I feared the worst, but was instantly reassured to hear him hail in his most cheery tones, with admirable presence of mind—

'Well done, there! Who fired that last shot?'

'I!' vociferated the delighted augur, thinking he had wiped every one's eyes.

'Bravo! Where are you?'

'Here!'

'Where? I can't see you. Hold up your hand,' continued the wounded peer, recognizing his assailant's voice, and hardly betraying, by the least falter in his accents, the fact that he had been seriously peppered.

The whole line was checking at the instant for the reload, the sticks of the beaters rattling merrily on the stumps alongside of them, to prevent any game from stealing back, and all eyes were directed to the point whence appeared the elevated paw of the augur, while his delighted exclamation of 'Here!—

here I am!—all right!’ was changed to a yell of misery as his irritated patron let fly his still loaded left barrel, a point-blank fifty yards’ aim, at the offending and extended manual.

I nearly paid dearly for his lordship’s revenge. The agonized turf prophet dropped his gun and collapsed on the grass with a howl; the abandoned implement cracked its remaining barrel into the ash saplings at my side, whence the pellets glanced in all directions round, and one or two lodging themselves in poor old Rose’s hide caused her to tune up and add to the cacophony.

My uncle in horror was rushing forward to ascertain the extent of the injuries, but the stoical peer interrupted with,—

‘D—n him, he’s all right, he’s only barked his knuckles; don’t let us spoil the best beat of the day by letting everything run back!’

‘He’s all right, yer honour, glory be to God!’ echoed Larry, as he picked up his *protégé*, like a baby, by the legs and shoulders, and carried him out of the line of advance; and in another three minutes we had skimmed the cream of the hottest corner of the day.

De Gorham, who emerged from the cover rather pale, but without moving a muscle, was by far the more seriously hurt of the two. Some ten or a dozen pellets were lodged in his neck and shoulder, and his hat showed traces of many more; but his head, with the exception of one cut in the soft tip of his ear, had escaped visitation. He was bleeding like a stuck pig, and I really felt frightened about him; but he found time to walk up to his prostrate *protégé* and examine the extent of his handiwork, whither I followed so soon as I had satisfied myself that Rose’s injuries were trivial.

‘Four in the hand—no, five! There’s one has taken away the end of the thumbnail,’ quoth his lordship; ‘he ought hardly to count; and two more in the wrist!—No more? Beattie told me the gun shot close; I knew it spread. No wonder I missed that cock! It’s

all right, my lad, you ain’t hurt;—don’t howl!’ for the augur was moaning so piteously that I shuddered to think that he might be carrying a stray pill in his interior. ‘I’ll pick ‘em out for you with a penknife when we get in, if you won’t make such a noise. Bring him in, Larry.’ And on he went to the house, which providentially was not four hundred yards distant, and whither Lee had already been despatched by my uncle, with directions to order lint and bandages, to send a groom on a hack for the doctor, and to prepare my mother that no real danger existed for either patient.

Of course the lady’s maid fainted at the sight of the blood as the injured tirailleurs entered the hall, and Larry’s helpmate, sturdy Job Amos, with admirable presence of mind, at once directed the remains of the jug of hot water, that had subsided in her lap, over her head and neck, with a laudable view to restoration. The water was not so boiling as it might have been; but she came to like a shot, and wanted a new skin very badly for the next month.

We soon had our two patients in bed and bandages, and old Mossop, the best practitioner in the county, relieved our anxieties by a reassuring bulletin. His lordship removed on the following day to his own seat, four miles off; and I am sorry to say that when, three days later, I cantered over with tender inquiries, he was suffering from erysipelas in the inflamed regions, and it was nearly two months before he joined us in the hunting-field.

To this day he can feel one or two of ‘Tiresias’s’ pellets under the muscles of his neck.

The augur was too terrified to return in a hurry to his noble patron, though the frank acknowledgments and expressions of regret of the latter soon placed them in *statu quo* before many days had elapsed.

The ‘Morning Mail’ lacked its weekly article for the next Monday; but I read up the criticisms of daily and weekly papers to our invalid guest, and wrote from his

dictation his analysis of the Cesa-rewitch Stakes the succeeding week, and his selection of the six favourites to 'win and for a place,' with three outsiders for 'cockboats.' My excellent mother found that he could play a fair game of chess, and he won her heart by making a respectable fight in all cases, yet without conferring upon her the ignominy of defeat.

'He's an excellent young man, my dear Frank,' she said, as the convalescent 'Tiresias,' with his hand in a sling, drove off to the station, *en route* for the Houghton

Meeting, 'and I am sure he will get on in the world; and though it was very kind of Lord de Gorham to bid for that half butt of old Mr. Gage's brown sherry for you, and I hope it will keep and improve till you are married and settled down, I must say it was very brutal of him, under any circumstances, to shoot deliberately at a deserving and well-meaning young fellow like that, just because he had the misfortune to put a shot or two into him when he couldn't see where he was firing to,—Poor dear young man!'

VISITS TO COUNTRY HOUSES.—No. II.

BY TOM SLENDER.

MRS. D—— and her son Arthur stayed the whole week at Dale Park, and when they left it, wearied with the amount of gaiety that had been condensed within the narrow compass of one week, they were not sorry to find themselves quietly ensconced in the old Manor House near Welsh Bicknor, on the banks of the Wye. Arthur amused himself with alternately lying at full length beneath some fine Spanish chestnuts which stood near the house reading the latest novel, or trusting his precious life in one of the coracles which still exist there, and with which a few of the people cross the river. Life is made up of reactions, and so Arthur D—— found it. The toil after pleasure, the noise, the racket, the very clatter of the plates and knives and forks with which the house at Dale Park resounded while the respectable county of Flatshire was bent on doing honour to the heir of the Faussets, contrasted strongly with the quiet and repose within and around the old Manor House.

This was a long-promised visit to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, whose only son had been Arthur's college friend. Formerly, during the vacations, he had accompanied young Herbert to his home, and now that their only son had died Mr. and Mrs.

Herbert entertained the greatest regard for his friend, and always pressed him to make the Manor House his home. Since the loss of their son they had lived rather a secluded life; but theirs was not an idle or profitless life. They were full of information and anecdote; and on this occasion they deviated from their usual custom, and invited some friends to meet Arthur and his mother. They knew how to make a house pleasant, and were themselves more agreeable than most people. The first few days were spent alone, that, as they said, they might enjoy their visitors' company without molestation or interference. This quiet was by no means uncongenial to Mrs. D——. It gave her an opportunity for letter-writing, in which she was much in arrear—for at Dale Park and during her previous wanderings she had been idle. It is so impossible to fight against a strong current of daily life, which is always carrying you away from your ordinary occupations. In some houses—happily they are not many—the lady of the house never appears till luncheon time, and when there is no one to take the lead people are apt to idle away their time. But at the Manor House Mrs. Herbert knew how to leave her visitors to amuse

themselves, and at the same time to suggest and provide amusement and interest for her guests.

'Do you know the Gerards, Mrs. D——?' said Mrs. Herbert, the third day at breakfast. 'They are coming here to-morrow.'

'The Gerards? Oh, I am so glad! That is the fellow that was in the Crimea that did such wonderful things. Is he married?'

'Yes. He married Sir Harry Vernon's only daughter. I believe she fell in love with him before she ever saw him. It was a good match for him, for he was poor, and had nothing but his red coat and pay.'

'I am glad I shall see him. He is a hero of mine, though I know nothing of him but common report. But he must be a plucky fellow.'

'Well, then, I have another treat for you—Archibald Ainslie and his mother and sister, and old Tuffnel.'

'What! that sour old fellow, whose temper is always on the verge of a fit of the gout?'

'You are hard upon him, my boy,' said Mrs. Herbert. 'He is one of the pleasantest men going. I know no one who is better company, and few who are as good. You cannot remember him.'

'Oh yes, indeed I do. I remember how angry he was with me because I gave him a good hearty shake of the hand.'

'Poor man!' said Mrs. Herbert. 'You know I always was obliged to take off all my rings before I shook hands with you. Your "shake," as you call it, was torture. To him it must have been agony with his swollen joints.'

The morrow came, and brought the Gerards, the Ainslies, and Mr. Tuffnel; and a pleasanter party rarely met. Mrs. D—— was full of fun and anecdote, and Mr. Tuffnel allowed himself to be drawn out; and between him and Mrs. D—— it was a contest of wit. 'Young Gerard,' as he was still called, though he was between thirty and forty, was a great favourite with Mr. Tuffnel. No one would have supposed, from his unostentatious simplicity, that he was a man who had earned more laurels than any

man of his time—that he was a Victoria Cross man, and had every decoration which a man could have.

'I say, mother,' said Arthur to Mrs. D——, 'what a contrast between Gerard and young Fausset! You might suppose that Fausset was the hero, and not Gerard.'

'My dear boy, and so he is—at least in his own estimation.'

In the course of conversation the discussion turned upon the old saying that 'No man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*.' It arose from a remark of Mrs. Herbert's that one is always disappointed with one's hero—he be poet, painter, or philosopher.

Mr. Tuffnel argued that it was one of those proverbs which are without depth—that catch the ear and arrest the attention, but are shallow and plausible, but utterly untrue.

Mr. Herbert said that it was true, but that the blame lay with those who created for themselves an ideal hero, and invested him with perfections of which no mortal is capable.

Mrs. D—— sided with Mr. Tuffnel, and at the same time admitted the truth that people often invest their heroes with qualities which do not exist. She contended that there was a wide distinction between that false creation and the fact that no man is a hero to his intimate friend—or, as the saying is, to his *valet de chambre*.

'I know,' said Mrs. D——, 'that some ladies say that their maids are the best persons to call in to give evidence of their temper and disposition. Of temper it may be true, because I have heard that some ladies exhibit an amount of arrogance, impatience, and ill-temper which is inconceivable and quite incompatible with the snave and pleasant manners for which they are conspicuous in society. A hair-pin put in the wrong way, or the hair itself brushed without the customary gentleness, or the wrong collars or cuffs put on, or the wrong gown laid out, or the wrong apron offered, will provoke the petty violence which some fine ladies

reserve only for their dependants. It is true enough, I dare say, that a valet may be able to affirm whether his master is good-tempered or otherwise, sick or sorry; but I do not believe that the qualities which constitute a man a hero grow less as our intimacy with him becomes closer. Those points with which we may have invested him it is quite possible will vanish on a nearer view, but the question is whether they were in any way essential to or formed any part of his heroic character. What do you say, Colonel Gerard? You must have seen some heroes in your day. Perhaps we ought to ask Mrs. Gerard for her opinion; only so long as you are by we should have to take her word *cum grano*, as Arthur says.

This graceful tribute to Colonel Gerard's reputation made him look very grave, as he replied—

'I am inclined to think that there is a great deal of truth on both sides. Stay,' he added, as he saw Mrs. D—'s gesture of impatience at his very commonplace remark. 'What I mean is that while I hate and detest the proverb which would go far to *désenchanter* one of everything and everybody, I do believe that many an heroic act which has become almost a household story among us would lose a great deal of its beauty and merit if all the circumstances connected with it were equally well known. The fact is that good and bad are so blended together in this life that I do not believe any action to be purely great, any more than I believe every motive to be purely good.'

'My dear Gerard,' said Mr. Tuffnel, 'you are such a moralist that you quite overpower me. Pray let us turn our thoughts to some other subject not so profound. Mrs. D—, what do you say to an adjournment into the garden? We will not allow Colonel Gerard to form one of our party, for fear he should begin to preach us a sermon on flowers.'

'Come, that is too bad of you, Mr. Tuffnel,' said Colonel Gerard, with a bright, good-humoured smile; 'but as you have given me leave of absence I will go and carry off my

young friend here,' pointing to Arthur D—. 'I promised to give him a lesson how to manage his coracle.'

'Well, be it so. Only make your bow to your commander-in-chief, else some one will fetch you back.'

Mrs. Gerard laughed as Mr. Tuffnel good-humouredly called her her husband's commander-in-chief. She worshipped her husband. The very 'shadow of his shoe-tie' was halloed in her eyes; and few would blame her, for he was a noble-hearted fellow, and both she and Mr. Tuffnel knew what was in his mind when he said 'no action, however heroic, was purely great.'

While Mr. Tuffnel and Mrs. D— were sauntering in the garden he asked her what she thought of his friend Colonel Gerard. 'Oh, he seems a pleasant man enough,' said she. 'He has used his eyes to some purpose, I dare say. He looks like a man of observation.'

'Quite so. He is as brave as a lion, with a heart as soft and kind as a woman's.'

'He appears to be a great favourite of yours.'

'You are right. I have known him from his boyhood, and have watched him as he grew up amongst us. He is one of our "lions," and I think I can make you esteem him almost as much as I do.'

'Then you have something to tell me about him?'

'Yes, if you like to hear it. But let us find a seat in some shady nook out of the reach of interruption.'

They soon found a corner secluded enough to satisfy Mr. Tuffnel, who at once began his story.

'The hero of my tale was rather a delicate lad, with a highly nervous temperament. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. She idolized him, and, perhaps, spoilt him. At all events, we used to tell her she did. When he was eighteen he was almost as tall as he is now, and had, apparently, outgrown the delicacy of his earlier years. In spite of his mother's remonstrances he entered the army, and when the Crimean war broke out

his regiment was one of the first ordered out. He came down here to take leave of his mother and friends, and then left his country. He used to write home as often as he could, but he had not many opportunities, and his poor mother seemed to waste away, under our eyes, with anxiety for her soldier lad. I dare say you remember how the whole country was in a ferment of expectation when the news came that a battle was imminent. No one felt this more than poor Mrs. Gerard. She seemed to be possessed by a spirit of unrest. She could not sit still. She was always walking about, and principally on the high road towards Monmouth. The servants said they thought she walked about the house all night long. At last the news came of a fierce battle having been fought, and it was asserted that the number of killed on both sides was immense. Then came that dreadful interval of suspense when every one feared and hoped. Then came the list of the casualties. I can well remember Mrs. Gerard's coming to me and asking me what I had heard, and whether I thought she might hear more if she went to Monmouth. To relieve her aching heart I sent into Monmouth and obtained all the intelligence that was to be got. "Thank God!" was her fervent exclamation as her son's name did not appear among the slain and wounded, and still greater was her thankfulness when she found his name honourably mentioned. From that moment his name appeared in every report conspicuous among the brave for his bravery. When she received a letter from the colonel of his regiment to tell her of her son's safety and of the honourable distinction he had obtained by his courage and conduct, her heart was full to overflowing, and she longed to fold him once more in her arms and bless him. When the war was over and peace was made the army returned, and as soon as he could leave his regiment the youthful captain returned here and rested among us after having earned his laurels. You may suppose we all made a great fuss with

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him; and if you could have seen the modest manner in which he received our homage you would have been as much struck with it as we were. He never would allow that he had done anything great. He treated it all very lightly, not with the lightness of conceit, but as if he considered he had met with more honour than was his due, and as if what he had done had been greatly exaggerated. From his mother I learned his own account. He said that, when the first gun was fired and the attack began, he moved on like the rest—very much like an automaton—till he saw men fall around him. Then a sudden nervous panic took possession of him, and he felt disposed to turn back, when a strong arm laid hold of him and pressed him forward, while a voice spoke to him in strong Scotch accent, "For'ard, my lad! For'ard!" Thus impelled, he went forward, urging the men on till the slaughter became greater, and again the same impulse seized him. But no sooner did he hesitate, even for a brief moment, to press onward, than he heard the same words in the same strong Scotch accent, "For'ard, my lad! for'ard!" and the same iron grasp pressing him forward. After pursuing his way he came immediately in face of the enemy, and beheld the dead and dying at his feet and the men falling around him. For a third time this impulse seized him, and, almost instantaneously, the brawny hand was on his shoulder, and in the same strong Scotch accent he was addressed, "For'ard, my lad! For'ard! Remember your mither." At these words he rushed onward and became the support and strength of his men. Again and again he rallied them till they reached the heights, where, amid the cheers of his followers, he planted the standard. Throughout the rest of the war he was foremost in danger, urging on others by his noble example, till his conduct was again and again reported to those in authority, and his name became a by-word of all that was brave and honourable. When he related his

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story to his mother he told her that she must never again speak of him as a hero, for if it had not been for his Scotch sergeant he might have been a byword of reproach.

There was a silence of some minutes after Mr. Tuffnel had finished speaking, when Mrs. D—— said—

‘Thank you for a very pretty story. So this is your hero?’

‘Yes,’ said Mr. Tuffnel; ‘and I think him a greater hero for having told this story of himself to her whose praise he loved better than anything else. It was only a really brave man that could afford to be so honest, and, in my opinion, he has shown himself *morally* as well as *physically* brave.’

‘I agree with you. And what became of his mother?’

‘She died not long ago. She lived to see him married, and then, saying that her work was done, passed out of this life as noiselessly and quietly as she had lived in it. She was a great favourite with us all. As for her son, he is like an *enfant de famille* in every house in the neighbourhood.’

‘I almost wish I had not heard this story. I shall be quite afraid of him in future. How he must hate all pretension!’

‘Yes, I think he dislikes humbug more than anybody I know. It is the only thing that seems really to provoke him.’

‘We have just come from the very abode of pretension. I should like to find myself there with him some day.’

‘He would not stay long nor go there a second time,’ said Mr. Tuffnel.

Mrs. D—— and Mr. Tuffnel left their bower and joined the ‘kettle-drum’ under the Spanish chestnuts, where they found the Ainslies and Mrs. Gerard and their kind hostess enjoying the five o’clock tea, which has universally become such an institution that men young and old have taken to it.

‘Where have you been hiding yourselves?’ said Mrs. Herbert, addressing Mrs. D—— and Mr. Tuffnel as they approached the tea-table.

‘We took shelter from the sun, and Mr. Tuffnel has been making himself so agreeable that I really had no notion that it was so late. I suppose Colonel Gerard and Arthur have not returned yet?’ she said, addressing Mrs. Gerard.

‘Now, my dear,’ said Mr. Herbert, ‘I declare you mothers are all alike.’

‘What do you mean? I only asked if Arthur had returned.’

‘I know it. You are like a hen with a brood of young ducks. Because you mothers cannot accompany your sons in all their expeditions, you are quite nervous about them till they return when they have ventured out of your sight.’

‘What an onslaught you have made upon me for a very innocent remark,’ said Mrs. D——, laughing.

‘You will have some tea, Mr. Tuffnel, won’t you?’ said Mrs. Herbert.

‘Yes, certainly, by all means, if you will insure me against earwigs and gnats. I cannot think why you have it out here.’

‘Surely it is much nicer *al fresco* this hot weather. Look at Miss Ainslie. She is enjoying it.’ (Miss Ainslie was lying on the grass, with an empty teacup by her side.)

‘I have nothing to say against Miss Ainslie’s enjoyment of it. Everything comes right to the young. But really I do cordially dislike everything that approximates to a pic-nic. You don’t like those abominations, Mrs. D——, do you? I know Mrs. Herbert does not in her heart, though every now and then she most good-naturedly sacrifices herself for the good of the young people.’

‘Ah! you think to get me on your side, Mr. Tuffnel, by a little pleasant flattery. I believe that to be your opinion of womankind in general,’ said Mrs. Herbert.

‘What do you mean?’

‘Why, that you think we are so open to flattery that a few civil words will disarm all our opposition, and make us surrender at discretion.’

‘Nonsense, Mrs. Herbert. You know I don’t think anything of the sort. But to go back to our starting-

point. You do hate pic-nics, don't you?

'Hate them! That is a strong word. I don't know that I hate anything that is so perfectly harmless, and yet affords so much amusement and pleasure to so many.'

'I quite sympathize with you, Mr. Tuffnel, if that is any consolation to you,' said Mrs. D—; 'I have a righteous or an unrighteous horror of them. I hate having to sit down on damp grass, or ground covered with ants and other restless creatures, and then to have everything in a scramble, and all manner of insects crawling or flying into one's food. I never can understand why people who have comfortable houses well filled with tables and chairs should go out of their way to make themselves uncomfortable, and then try to persuade themselves and their friends that it is for pleasure.'

'Thank you, Mrs. D—. I owe you one for that. But here comes your son, and he does not seem to have had even a ducking.'

'Tea, gentlemen, tea?' said Mrs. Herbert.

'By all means,' said Colonel Gerard; 'I am half dead with thirst. I do not know what my friend says. He must answer for himself.'

'Are you speaking of Arthur?' said Mrs. D—. 'I will answer for him. No washerwoman was ever more devoted to tea than he is.'

Arthur D— soon proved the truth of his mother's words, and Mrs. Herbert declared that she had not a drop of tea left, 'come who may.'

There, on the green sward, beneath the chestnut trees, which Mrs. Herbert called her 'green drawing-room,' the whole party were collected, and conversation became general, till, when the sun had gone

off the croquet ground, it was voted, in spite of Mr. Tuffnel's protest and objections, that they should have a match at croquet.

Colonel Gerard and Miss Ainslie, Arthur D— and Mrs. Gerard, Mr. Ainslie and Mrs. Herbert, played in right earnest, while Mrs. D— and Mr. Tuffnel looked on in a state of complacent superiority, till the dressing-bell rang, and brought them all into the house.

After dinner some of them sauntered in the garden, and in the dusk of the evening spoke of things and events which they would not have discussed in the broad daylight.

Why is it that it so often happens that in the moonlight, or in the twilight, or in the shades of the evening, people can stir up and lay bare the depths of their hearts? They who are ordinarily so reserved, and so resent the slightest approach to intimacy as an unwarrantable interference or impertinence, expand, and become both demonstrative and communicative in the absence of light? Is it that neither their own expression nor that of others is perceptible, and that nothing betrays the emotions of the heart while its depths are being stirred? Whatever the cause may be, the fact is indisputable, that people grow friendly and communicative under the mild influence of Hesperus.

Mrs. D— and her son prolonged their stay at the old Manor House beyond their original time, because Mr. and Mrs. Herbert were so kind, and made them feel at home; and when the time came for their leaving, it was with real regret that they did so, for 'the old Manor' was one of those places in which hospitality and cordiality are united; where there is an absence of all pretension and affectation, and where the old principle of 'live and let live' is acted upon without reserve.



THE LONG STORY.

(ILLUSTRATED BY M. ELLEN EDWARDS.)

THE shadows of the little wood
 Closed round us in the burning noon,
 The lucent shadows of the leaves,
 Yet tender with the green of June.

And there, while in a happy dream,
 We wandered inward from the sun,
 Winding and turning at our will,
 The famous story was begun.

A story prodigal of love,
 Of youth, and beauty born of youth;
 Of sorrow tempered by romance,
 And trial glorified by truth.

Long, long ago it all had chanced,—
 Or was it haply passing then?
 It might be true of any time
 Since women were beloved of men.

I listened, yet I did not heed;
 A rippling voice was all I heard,
 That, softly cadenced, had for me
 The music of a singing bird.

The tale went on, the voice I heard,
 Yet all that I recall is this,—
 That earnest face, those dreamy eyes,
 The little mouth too sweet to kiss.

The tale went on, with many a pause,
 With frequent outbursts of delight,
 As breaks and openings of the wood
 Its hidden beauties gave to sight.

A pheasant gleamed across our path,
 A squirrel shot a sudden turn,
 And now the cuckoo sang, and now
 We waded coolest breadths of fern.

The little wood was long to cross;
 Its winding paths were hard to find;
 And hours had fled ere we emerged,
 And left its pleasant gloom behind.

And then beside the rustic fence,
 Whence spread the meadows many a mile,
 We linger'd idly hand in hand,—
 And p'raps the tale went on the while.

The evening shadows lengthened out;
 The heavy rooks winged home to nest;
 The little wood was fringed with light
 Against the fiercely flaming west.

The sun set in a fleecy haze,
 Through bars of crimson and of gold,
 The sky grew cool, the stars came out,
 And yet the story was not told!

WILLIAM SAWYER.



Drawn by

XUM



[Drawn by M. Ellen Edwards.]

'AND YET THE STORY WAS NOT TOLD.'

[See 'The Long Story.'

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HOW VIOLET GOT A BEAU.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE VALLEY.

DEAR little Violet! They must have known the colour of her eyes before they chose her name. Poor little Violet! Her mother had died years before we knew her; then there came a stepmother, one of the old-fashioned stepmothers, strict and exacting, caring much for her own sons, and little for the lonely daughter of her new home. Second mammas, in these days, if we are to believe modern fiction, exceed in love and tenderness all other women; but Mrs. Ashley belonged to an earlier part of this world's history. She had no soft place in her heart for that tender, violet-eyed, motherless child; perhaps even a twinge of jealousy because Mr. Ashley loved her so well.

Mr. Ashley, in time, learned to repress his feelings, knowing that, if noted, they only brought trouble upon his darling. He was naturally of a reserved, peace-loving disposition, and eventually schooled himself into perfect quiescence. Thus there arose a barrier between him and his lone child, too. All this ended by her throwing her little foolish love-burdened heart, at the feet of a certain penniless young German, who gave daily lessons to her stepbrothers and herself. Mr. Otto behaved honourably; he liked the child well enough, and he found out her queer little secret one day quite by chance. She had written no end of poems about it and him. Instead of taking advantage of his discovery, Otto imparted it to her father. Then Mr. Ashley came to us for help.

Will and I had a private consultation; then I drove over to Harley Street, and brought Violet away to our cosy home. She was a sweet little soul, but half frightened and quite at a loss in her new surroundings. I had seen her now and then, but knew nothing of her; my visits to Harley Street were of the most formal. Friendship there was only

between the gentlemen of the families. Will and Mr. Ashley had been schoolfellows once upon a time. Violet sat in the phaeton beside me, very grave and silent.

'Do you like driving?' I asked, whipping my ponies well together. We were out on the high road now, speeding homewards.

'Yes, thank you, I like it very much,' she said, demurely.

'This sort of talk won't do,' I thought; 'we must come to a better understanding, in some way. I must win her confidence: after that we shall get on.' So I turned and looked into her pretty face.

'Violet!' I said, 'have you ever thought anything at all about me?'

'Yes—often, because I liked you.'

'That was kind. If you thought about me, and like me, did you ever pity me?'

'Pity you, Mrs. Bell! No, certainly not. Why ever should I?'

She was puzzled and somewhat interested. I did not answer, and presently she spoke her thoughts aloud.

'You have carriages and horses, and a beautiful house, and you can do just whatever you like, and—and—you have a husband who is good to you, and whom you love—why ever should I pity you?'

'You seem quite sure about my loving my husband.'

'Of course you do—any one can see that; besides, he is so nice, you know, you couldn't help it.'

The little maid was getting quite cheerful now, and spoke in a chirpy pert way that I thought delightful.

'Well,' I said, 'that being settled between us, and granting all your ideas of my possessions to be correct, I think you would pity me if you knew how I have wished for something for years and years, and it has been denied to me.'

Violet said 'O!' and she made her eyes and her little mouth quite round to suit the letter and the

astonishment it conveyed. We were crossing the bridge now, and one of the ponies was troublesome, so a little time went by before I asked—

'Do you know what I have wanted so long, my dear?'

'I think so. Some one to call you mamma, and to be your own, own, own pet, and Mr. Bell's, too. Is that what you mean?'

'Yes. Now you know my trouble. I know yours, too, Violet, and am sorry for you, and I think we can do one another good. That is why I asked you to come and stay with me. Do you know what we are going to do together?'

'To read, and work, and drive, do you mean?'

'Something nicer than that. To travel.'

'Oh, Mrs. Bell! and am I to go too?'

'Yes, indeed. You are going to be our great pet, I can see, and shall do anything and everything you like. This day week we are going abroad together; your papa knows all about it, and is quite willing.'

That day week, accordingly, saw us leave London; and after a glimpse at Paris, very hot and dusty, but not the less amazing to our little *protégée*, we went on to Spa. It was very early, long before the Spa season, when we first arrived; but we purposed spending three or four months there, and found June sunshine sweet and pleasant. Nor was there any heat to complain of in the long mid-summer days that we spent in the woods there abounding.

What a sweet little nest is that Spa! What delightful walks, and rides, and drives! What glorious breeze and view from the heights, and what pleasant winding paths up to them! How pretty, too, is the one gaily busy street and the glorious avenue into which it spreads, when its attractions are at an end! Its principal feature is the 'Redoute' (now superseded by a far handsomer building further down). Opposite that centre of attraction, cunningly placed indeed for him who has won, or for those desirous to lose, crowd the shops of banker, tobacconist, hairdresser,

ladies' fashions, jeweller, and, specially tempting, the repositories for stained and painted wood articles peculiar to the place. Thus the fortunate winner, sauntering out of the Rooms, is tempted in every possible way to invest a portion of his hoard; while the banker will, for a consideration, change any kind of money under the sun into five-franc pieces, to enable any unfortunate speculator to go and try again. One end of the queer little street leads into the much-sought avenue, as I have said; the other opens upon the miniature market-place and town hall.

Violet was very much amused by the men in big blouses who stand in the square from morning till night. Some are guides, others possess carriages or saddle-horses, at service of excursionists; others, again, simply stand there looking on, smoking long pipes, and making slow observations upon all going on around them. Violet's naïve expressions of astonishment and delight were a kind of 'continual feast' to Will and me; and the child soon became quite familiar and at her ease with us two old people. We must have seemed so very, very ancient to her! We were staying at the Hôtel d'Orange, and had spent a very quiet, happy month, when some friends arrived, whose coming brought about various little adventures that have led me into this telling of Violet's proceedings. She had by no means forgotten Mr. Otto, and in confidential moments would tell me of his perfection and her admiration.

'Oh! I did like him so very, very much,' she said one day; 'so would you, if you knew him. He is very handsome, you know, bright blue eyes, and such a beautiful moustache! Then he used to be so patient and kind to me, and I did love to hear him talk. At last I could not bear to be away from him,—I used to cry and feel so wretched. At least not really wretched, you know, but such a nice, new, strange feeling. You know I have read all about being in love. And when he came it used to make me start, and when he touched me I used to

tremble. But now it is all over, quite over. He laughed at me! It was very cruel. You know he found my book of verses, and Otto was so difficult to rhyme to. Ah! Mrs. Bell, I never could have stayed on at home, and I am so thankful you took me away. I dreaded coming at first, though.

We had walked up to one of the famous wells to breakfast—the Sauvinière, that boasts of a greater attraction than its mineral spring. We had taken our meal out under the fine old trees, and found the *côtelettes* and omelettes well deserving of their wide-spread fame. My old gentleman had walked away with his cigar, and we two were still sitting in lazy enjoyment, very cosy and confidential. There now drove up to the inn-door a queer old rumbly-tumbly chariot, drawn by two small Spa horses, belonging decidedly to the aboriginal species common there. I looked on in the contented, apathetic way in which people resting at ease generally watch the movements of active travellers.

Out of the nondescript vehicle sprang briskly a bright-faced, laughing youth, with an unusual quantity of thickly curling hair, which I noticed all the more because in jumping he lost his hat. Him followed, more soberly, a somewhat older man, who impressed me by his composed manner.

'He looks like the light-haired one's schoolmaster,' whispered Violet.

The merry youth ran after his hat, and the other stepped back to the chaise, and held out both hands to help a lady in the difficult descent. She was a very tall, broad-shouldered person of middle age, and had about her an air of severe propriety. This expression went into all the details of her sad-coloured attire; her very bonnet-strings were cut into rigidly-straight lines at the end, and the tips of her stiffly-extended fingers were clothed in square-cut gloves. I do not say that I discovered such details in these first moments, but they came to be so associated in my mind with Miss Prudence Herbert, that I cannot speak of her without noting them.

Last, but by no means least, there came forth a very imposing gentleman, with a grand face and air, and a long silvery beard. All my apathy was at an end: I started to my feet and approached the strangers. Certainly, there could be no doubt, this was our dear old friend the General. I had been telling of him and his brave deeds but yesterday. Then I spoke of him as though there were thousands of miles between us, now he was here! I had seen him last twenty years ago, yet I knew him again instantly. He was a gallant young captain then, and had stood in my dead father's place when I became Will's wife. Then I bade him a long farewell, but I had heard of him ever since; first from his wife; then from mutual friends; once or twice from himself. I met him now with outstretched hands. He gave me a kiss, and said I looked just as young as when he left home. Then he turned, in his courteous way, towards little Violet, who had crept up with her eyes full of curious questions.

'And this fairy?' said the General; 'surely I should have heard—I cannot have forgotten?'

'No, she is not ours,' I answered, cheerfully. 'I saw our old friend was distressed by having spoken his surmise. But she is a dear pet, and we are taking care of her.'

'Very pleasant care you find it, Missy, I should say. And where is Mr. Bell?'

He came up at the moment. Then there was much introducing. Miss Herbert was the General's sister-in-law, and had met him at Southampton with his younger sons.

'Miss Violet took you for your brother's schoolmaster,' I said, at this part of the introduction; on which poor little Violet emulated the deepest-dyed rose with her blushes, and when we were alone scolded me well for being so very, very wicked.

The elder had gone out to his father some years before, and had just returned from Canada with him. So these great fellows were the babies I had cooed and crowed with; and this fair-haired, laughing Lionel was the chubby cherub that

had rivalled even Will in my affections and attentions; and HE was the elder after all! I fancied I could detect some of the aunt's schooling in grave Herbert, who was certainly very solemn for his years. A very handsome fellow, now that I looked more closely at him, and much more like his father than my old pet, Lion. Whether from old association, or for the sake of his laughing face and merry way, I don't know, certain it is that Lion immediately regained his hold on my affections, and that I was as enthusiastic in his praises as Violet herself, in whose thoughts he quickly usurped the place of Mr. Otto. Pray do not think that Violet was giddy or heartless; far, far from it, the little soul was all love, and had given of her tenderness to the very first man whom she could justly admire. It was only a child's feeling then; now, I thought, or came to think shortly, the woman was arising, and the child passing away. I said to Will, when we were alone after that meeting at the Sauvinière, that between Lionel and Violet had arisen a case of love at first sight; Lionel's admiration had been so plainly visible in his delighted face, and in his cheery words, when he took Violet's hand in his. Then again, when we all went to the well, and Violet had been persuaded to put her foot into the legendary hollow stone, and wish, it was Lion who held her hand to steady her; and he chatted all the time. He said how he wished that *he* might wish; and would not she wish his wish for him? 'I must not wish my wish myself,' he added; 'don't you know that we men are not to have any extra chance of fulfilment given to us, like you of the privileged sex. Well, I grant you any and every privilege under the sun cheerfully.'

At this Violet put on her little pert pout, and replied—

'No doubt the saints won't give men any encouragement, because they are unreasonable in their desires, and don't deserve to have them fulfilled.'

'I don't know about the reason; but I do know about the strength and good-will of my desires. Perhaps

some day I will tell you, and let you judge for yourself.'

I can see all the pretty picture before me still.

Glimpses of very blue sky and fleecy floating cloudlets, through the rich foliage overhead, fantastic shadows swaying on the sward beneath, balmy air all about us. The brave old General opposite, leaning on his younger son's arm; Aunt Prudence a little further back, holding the glass of disagreeable water at stiff arm's-length, my dear Will persuading her, in his droll way, to try its salutary effects. Then—between them all and me, and some steps below us—Violet, as lovely a type of maidenhood as I have ever had the good fortune to see. Her arched brows raised, her sweet lips parted in a smile of protest, her long soft curls taken off the smooth brow, and falling gracefully over her shoulders, and her trusting look and hand given child-like to the care of her bright-faced companion. Her whole attitude—even the soft blue folds of her muslin dress—adding to the inexplicable charm that an innocent girl has in the eyes of all beholders. Of course Lionel had his share in the making of the pretty picture. His merry face and strong figure; his tawny—I was going to say mane, and it would be correct—well then, his tawny mane and beard, and the admiring interest with which he regarded 'the child of wishes,' as he talked his nonsense,—all these things impressed themselves on my mind's eye, and enable me to-day to give you a faint idea of a bygone, but very brilliant reality.

The meeting of that morning made a new era in our Spa life. Where we three had formerly gone, there were now mostly seven of us, and many happy days we spent together. As for Violet, what with sunshine, happiness, and love, she was growing absolutely beautiful: so I saw, and needed not the constant telling of the two old gentlemen whom I voted far more impressionable than the young ones. As for the General, he put himself entirely at Miss Violet's feet, and led her away into an enthusiastic

flirtation, which often called for my severest criticism as chaperone. Lionel's admiration was evident enough; but Herbert seemed to heed her child's loveliness as little as Aunt Prue; but then Herbert was altogether so quiet and unimpressible. With his godmother, Miss Herbert, I had to fight many small battles about the liberty granted to the young people in the disposal of their time and the choice of their amusements, especially on the occasion of a particularly nice ball. Lionel had entreated so for Violet's *début* at this entertainment, that I at last yielded.

'You give way to the young people too much—far too much,' said Aunt Prue, severely. 'The idea of encouraging—I may say, leading them on to think of nothing but pleasure appears to me almost sinful. Surely we were not sent into the world on such account. Life has sterner thoughts and duties.'

'But we are here for the holidays.'

'I greatly fear, Mrs. Bell, you would have all the days of the year devoted to dances and junketings, and leave none for sober works. I cannot but say that the idea of this ball is extremely distasteful to me, and I misdoubt me much that the effect of such dissipation will not tend to the improvement of the youthful minds of which we have undertaken the charge.'

'I am so sorry you don't approve. We must not disappoint them now; Violet and Lion have quite set their hearts upon it.'

'There, my dear madam, you put my worst fears into words. As for my beloved Herbert, I shall certainly exert my influence in withholding him from these thoughtless pastimes.'

And so on, and on. My bluff old Will voted Miss Prudence a bore, and a muff, and all sorts of naughty names; but I knew that, though fuzzy in words, she was always ready for a kind or generous action. This much-debated ball was the first 'select' one of the Spa season, and it had been settled that we should all go. As for Miss Herbert and her godson, of course we should miss them; but they were

not absolutely indispensable. I had dressed my little Violet in snow-white, and crowned and garlanded her with silvery leaves. Over her curls, too, I had shaken a silvery shower, and Will had, with some difficulty, procured corresponding ornaments for her neck and arms. I thought her perfection, and kissed the laughing lips with—I think—almost a mother's pride. Will led our pet into the room, while I leant upon the General's arm. Lionel, tired of waiting, had gone on; but in the pretty rooms we looked for him in vain. He had claimed Violet's promise for the first two dances.

'I want to get her well used to the slippery floor and the size of the rooms, you know,' he had said, half apologetically. When I looked on her now, I thought the dear boy needed no excuse. But where was he, and why did he not gladden his eyes with the sight of our fairy? Meanwhile Herbert was leading her away. He had been standing half hidden behind one of the pillars near the entrance, and I caught sight of his watchful eyes as we came in. But he did not join us until the music began, and Violet looked on with a wistful disappointment. She rewarded her unexpected cavalier with a beaming smile, and was swiftly carried away amongst the dancers, while we elders looked on.

'How well the lad dances,' said the General; 'upon my word I did not expect it of him.'

'Such a partner would put life into any man,' said Will. 'I am going to have a turn myself presently.'

The next quadrille saw Mr. Bell and Violet standing together, with Herbert and me as *vis-à-vis*. Then I felt almost thankful that Miss Prudence was not looking on. Of course we had all wondered—first privately, then to one another—as to what had become of Lionel. At last I became uneasy, and deputed Herbert to go and seek his brother, and not to return without him.

'Do you really not know what keeps him, Mrs. Bell?' he asked, looking straight into my eyes.

'No—indeed, do you? I am

anxious because he was dressed and waiting, and said he would come on here. Do you know?' But Herbert was gone before he had time to reply: he had muttered, 'I will find him,' and had drawn his brows somewhat sternly, I thought; but then Herbert was so peculiar, and might have meant nothing.

We had met some English friends, and we had made some foreign ones, during our stay, and Violet had more dancing offers than she could accept. There was a certain Mons. Déjazet, who had put his heart, verbally, at her feet and at my feet, all the evening, and who was excited by *cette beauté virginale* to a frantic pitch of gesticulation. The little man looked altogether like a lively note of admiration. He capered and figured about our pet, and brought her *rafraichissements* innumerable. She took all his attentions in excellent part, and was grateful and amused. Before we left Spa Mons. Déjazet had demanded our permission to pay his addresses to *cette charmante jeune personne* Mees Vi—o—lé. I made some allusion to her about her French suitor, and her answers were quite sufficient to warrant Mr. Bell in humbly declining the proffered honour. Mons. Déjazet, with his cinquante mille livres de rentes, was astounded, and went his way in wonder, but in peace.

Herbert soon came back to the ball-room. 'Lionel will follow me directly,' he said, and gave his impatient partner his arm. A few minutes later our truant appeared waltzing away with a certain Miss Noble. That dance over he came to me.

'I am so sorry, Mrs. Bell; I really could not help it. I quite intended to come straight here, but was detained, and seeing me come in, Mr. Noble begged me to dance with his daughter, so I could not come straight to you. Where is our sweet Violet?'

'There is my sweet Violet,' I said, a little coolly; 'and she is enjoying herself amazingly.' Then I looked well into his face. 'You are strangely flushed, Lionel, after one dance.'

'Am I?' he said and bit his lip.

'I am very warm.'

'You can rest at your leisure now.'

'No, by Jove. I am going to claim that darling, and make up for lost time.' Just then he saw her standing opposite. 'Oh! Mr. Bell, how delicious she looks to-night!'

But Violet did not come over to our part of the room, as he had expected, and as soon as the music began again, whirled by with Mons. Déjazet.

'I can't stand this,' muttered Lionel, and hotter blood came into his face. He left me, and watched his opportunity; with the last chord he lifted Violet's hand in his, and walked her off, unceremoniously. They went into the further room; I followed swiftly, and was in time to hear him say—

'But you must not, must not be angry with me; I am so savage with myself.'

'But, Lionel, I will know what kept you. Tell me; then I will forgive you and dance with you again.'

'Oh! do. Dance pretty with me, and don't pout and look so bewitching, or you'll make me say more than I ought.'

'You must tell me first, sir.'

'I cannot tell you first or last, miss.'

'Then I will not dance, at least not with you. It was worth Herbert's while to come to me.'

'He is such a calm chap, nothing tempts him.'

'Maybe I was sufficient temptation.'

'Oh! you daughter of Eve.'

'Don't abuse my dear first mother, sir. I never will acknowledge that she was so much to be blamed as people make out. Why did not Master Adam sensibly and kindly point out to her the error of her ways? She might have been led aright with very little trouble.'

'In your opinion, then, Adam should have reasoned with—with a woman. Poor logic! sad would have been thy early fate.'

'Now you are talking nonsense, and only to lead me away from the questions I WILL have answered. What kept you, Lionel?'

'Will you come and see?'

'Nothing I should like better.'

'Come then.'

'Oh! what can it be? Would Mrs. Bell let me, do you think?'

'Never mind Mrs. Bell. Trust yourself to me. I love you, sweet little Violet, and mean to make you my wife some day. Come with me now.'

She looked straight into his face for a moment, then gave a low laugh.

'I will come with you now,' she said, 'for the fun of the thing, and because I am curious, but as to that other proposal of yours I have nothing to say to that.' She had a very determined, quiet air when she chose, and now said her words so resolutely that they startled me. Lionel laughed aloud.

'Time will prove, my dear, and I can wait. We must fetch your cloak, and muffle you up well. Now you can come.'

I, very near them, though hidden, had heard much of what passed, and now resolved to follow. I had no longer any doubts as to where our pet was to be taken. I left them to go their own way, while I went back to my husband and whispered hurriedly to him. Then I put my shawl over my head, went back to the hotel, fetched a bonnet and veil, and rejoined Mr. Bell at the entrance of the Rooms.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE HEIGHTS.

When I put my hand upon my husband's arm, we walked up the stairs, but did not go amongst the dancers this time. We went into a lofty, well-lighted saloon, in the centre of which stood a crowd. That it was an eager, anxious crowd was my first observation, the next, its strange component parts. I had seen such places before; I had watched the green table of danger with its weird numbers; I had heard the monotonous call of the croupiers, and watched them raking up the lost money. But I had never looked with such intense interest on all these things as now, on this

night, when I wished to note the effect upon our darling and her admirer. By this time we had all begun to think of them as belonging together. Their suitability had been beyond doubt from the first. Age, faces, and fortunes would be well mated, so we wise elders had agreed. A little to our right they now stood, far too much engrossed by the gambling operations to heed us. Now and again Violet would turn with inquiring look or word to her protector, to whom she clung timorously, then back to the table and those nearest and most interested. Her lips were parted, and all her powers of keen observation shining from her wondering eyes. Lionel had not forgotten her presence, but his thoughts were chiefly with the game playing before him. Mechanically his hand moved towards his pocket, and he brought forth small gold coins.

'I must try again,' he said; 'your presence must change my luck. Do choose me a number from amongst those marked upon the table. Do. Only mention one, just one.'

'Is it wrong, Lionel?'

'No, no, very kind; quite right.'

'Thirty-six,' said Violet, and Lionel hurriedly pushed three ten-franc pieces upon the chosen number.

In another minute thirty-six times that sum lay awaiting him.

'Shall I leave it?' he asked.

'No, no, take it, take yours—anything. But come away, please, come away,' said Violet, not in the least understanding the transaction, but quite aware of the hungry and envious eyes that followed the money as it came back into her companion's hand. And then the eyes were turned upon her, and I could see the blood mounting painfully into her very temples. Some of the eyes so attracted were not speedily withdrawn. One swarthy, black-bearded man, with eyes like a hawk, rose, and invited our pet by look and gesture to take his chair.

'Mees has all the favour of ze god-like Fortuna,' he said, grinning.

'Do sit, Violet; you will not be noticed so much; do, there's a dear girl, and tell me what to play.'

'I shall unite to your ventures,' said the foreigner, evidently understanding the purport, though not the words of Lionel's entreaty. And he backed quite out and offered his chair to our poor confused pet. I was just coming to the rescue, when Herbert (who had a knack of appearing at the right moment on this evening) stepped forward.

'You have forgotten that I was to have the last waltz, Violet,' he said; 'I have been seeking you; come.' He took her unresisting hand, gave his brother, who was about to interfere, a look that Will called a 'silencer,' and led her away. They did not go back into the ball-room. When I reached the hotel, I found my pet in tears.

'You are over-excited, my darling,' I said, and began to take off her ornaments.

'I am in such trouble, I don't know how to tell you. Will you ever forgive me?'

'Dear child, you have done no harm.'

'Do you know, do you really?'

'Yes, I was there, watching you. We quite intended to show you the Rooms some evening, and Mr. Bell would have explained the game to you. There was no harm in your going, but Lionel was to blame for taking you in your ball-dress.' After this the little soul sobbed all the more. I put her into her bed and sat beside her, holding her trusting little hand in mine, until her breathing became regular, the tears dried on her face, and she slept. Perhaps another tear fell upon it as I kissed her, but I know that I thanked God for His mercies, and for the beauty and brightness in this pleasant world.

I am sorry to have to tell you that my old favourite, Lionel, did not behave himself very well during the next month. Miss Prue was in a state as nearly bordering on distraction as propriety allowed her.

'The young man must have his fling,' said the kind General; 'he has never seen anything of the sort before. He'll soon come straight again. Don't worry him, Prue; he is a good lad.'

'Worry him! What expressions,

brother! Counsel, advice, are now to be spoken of as men speak of—of aggressive dogs. Worry, indeed!'

At last, however, things were getting too bad. Lionel took his seat at the green table as soon as the doors were opened, and scarcely left it again until they closed for the night. We all besought the General to interfere.

'Our little plans for Violet will all be ruined by his present thoughtlessness,' I urged. Then the father told his son he must either give his word not to re-enter the gambling saloon or return with them all to England, and at once. Lionel chose the former alternative. He must have felt grateful to his father, who had allowed him to run on in his own way, and given him all necessary moneys without a word of complaint, until a check was absolutely necessary. So Lion acquiesced with a good grace, and now sought to pass his time, and forget his craving for play, in a fresh burst of love-making. But in Violet there was a change that chilled these thoughts of his. She did not turn from her merry-faced friend: that might have augured hope in the winning her back; but she met him without any of her wonted interest and sprightliness. She did not care if he came, stayed, or went. She did not mind walking with him, but she showed neither liking nor disinclination when such walking was proposed. We all saw the change, and I acknowledged that I had been hasty, and that the woman's feeling still slumbered in the little breast.

'Perhaps she will never care for any one,' said Will. 'This is the second lover in six months.'

'She has never been beloved yet,' I answered, fearing to say more, as I had been so manifestly wrong in my former ideas. My husband shook his head.

'You are very queer creatures, you women, very queer, and not to be sounded at all. You're either too shallow or too deep: it's not for me to say which. How some girls would have clung to that handsome young fellow all the more pertinaciously, just because he was thoughtless and foolhardy, and turned his

back upon them a bit, and hankered after forbidden pleasures.'

'That would have been so if a girl—if Violet had loved him. But, indeed, matters went too fast and too smoothly; we might have been sure they could not all end in rose-colour.'

'The old theory about its being unfortunate to win the first rubber? Cards and love have something in common.'

'Have they though? Then I will thank you for some information about—'

But that led us on to another subject, with which Violet has nothing to do. That young person was altogether in a somewhat contradictory and unsatisfactory frame of mind for weeks after the ball at the Redoute. She made desperate love to the dear old General, and turned her back, as Will says, on all her other friends. I never found out what passed between her and Herbert when he led her home on that eventful night; but I know that she shunned him, could not be induced to take a walk with him alone, and scarcely answered if he spoke to her. And yet I caught her eyes earnestly fixed upon his face sometimes, and I knew that she heard, ay, and eagerly listened to, the few words he spoke. He was not much with us; he liked walking, and would often start away with his knapsack on his back, for two or three days' tour.

October was coming upon us now, and we began to speak of going home. I had resolved that nothing but absolute necessity—or a good husband—should take our darling from us again. She was such a blessing and comfort, and so constantly reminded us, by her very name even, of spring and sunshine, and all that is sweet and pure in Nature's day of promise.

How long might she be with us? I thought. I held a letter from Mr. Ashley in my hands. I had told him my wishes and opinions honestly, and he had responded with all possible kindness. He would not take her away. How about that handsome lover with the tawny mane?

We elders were sitting out in the

beautiful avenue, listening to the energetic band, and the two in my thoughts were walking leisurely up and down. Lionel's arm had been offered and rejected, and he had folded his hands upon his back. Violet, a little pouting, a little trifling, wholly charming, toyed with her parasol, looked provokingly into his face, and gave him pert answers in her own pert way. At last he grew impatient of her nonsense, and must—I judge from later confessions—have said something like—

'You are making fun of me, Violet. I am in earnest, and will not be laughed at. I tell you plainly, once for all, I love you, and want you to be my wife. I am tired of all this play. Let there be an end to it.'

'I don't think I made the beginning?'

'You did. I thought you beautiful that very first day, when I placed your little foot in the wishing-place. I wished *then* that you might have put it upon my neck instead, and called me your slave. I would have done your bidding fast enough.'

'Now you know me better you want me to do yours. Thanks; I don't care about a master at present.' And she laughed merrily enough. Then he stood still, fronting her.

'Violet,' he said, 'I ask you, for the last time, will you be my wife? I know Mrs. Bell would like it, so would my father: he wants me settled; and surely your father could not object. Violet, may we write and ask him?'

'No!' she said, and I saw her plant her foot and parasol firmly down into the ground. 'No, no, no! ten thousand times, no! And I tell you, Lionel, you will never change me, not if you worry me all the few days we stay together, you will never change me. I don't love you, and I don't love Mr. Otto, though you have picked up that silly story, and choose to say so, and—and—I don't think I know what love is, and—and—I don't wish to. There!'

'Let me teach you. I can, and will.'

'From you I could never learn it.

Let us be friends. Shake hands, and have done with this nonsense, once for all.'

Of course he would not shake hands, but went away from her with hasty and angry steps.

She told it all to me afterwards, and silenced all comments or eulogy.

'Dearest and kindest of mothers—and you do seem to me like a mother,' she said, with her eyes full of tears, 'you love me, and you love dear Mr. Bell, and you know how nice that is, and we are all so happy. Let us go on so. I am sorry if he cares for me: I know it won't last; but I do assure you I can never care for him, in the right way, you know.' And she would say no further word in the matter.

After that walk Lionel did not come near her. He was a somewhat spoilt and a vain young man, and his vanity had received a smarting blow, which he could neither ignore nor forgive.

The last morning of our pleasant stay had come. Violet had hurried away to her mineral bath, from which she was wont to return like Hebe, or Aurora, or any one famous for rosiest health. Herbert had been away for a day's walking, but had promised to return in time 'to see us off.'

After her bath, Violet walked away along the winding path, up to the heights that tower over the town.

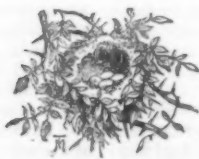
'I wanted to take a last look at the dear place,' she told me, after-

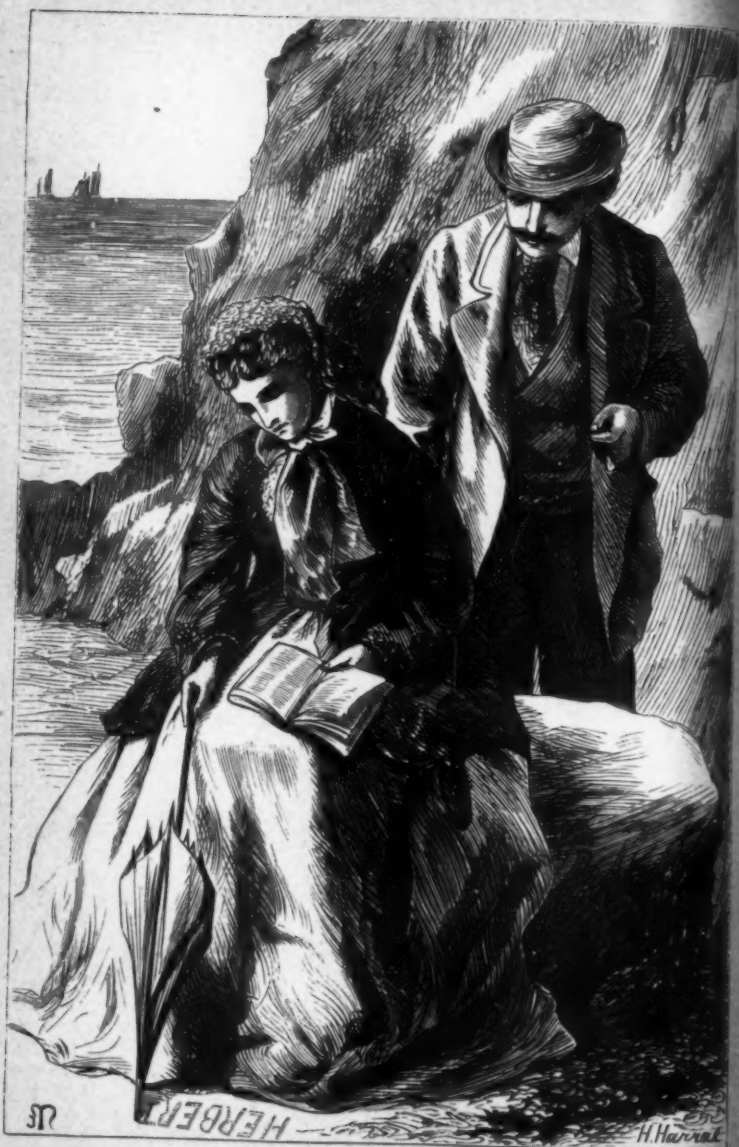
wards, 'and I marched away, up and up, till I came to the brightest point for the view. I took my hat off, and stood panting and looking down, when, all at once, Herbert stepped out of the wood. He startled me so! And I was so warm, and so out of breath, and my hair all untidy! I was so ashamed! He said he had been walking since before sunrise, on purpose to—to—to see us again before we went, and to offer me a little flower that he had found. He said, "Was it not a very strange time of year for a—for this?" Then he showed me a forget-me-not. It seemed to come in answer to his thoughts and wishes, he said, just as now came the Violet in whose hand he wished to lay that other blossom. Then he gave me the flower, and held my hand, and—and—somehow, all at once, he held me too, and I cried, and I think he cried, but I don't know. He said he was too happy. Dearest of mothers, I do know that I do love him, and that I am too happy, and that it is—so nice!'

So the woman had arisen at last. It was not very long before I had to give into another's keeping the glorious flower that had come so young and guileless a blossom into mine.

It is only a sketch, you see, a little jotting down about sunshine and love; perhaps a rain or a storm cloud, but it speaks of a time that has led to a very beautiful summer in two human lives, now one.

B. H. B.





Drawn by H. Newcombe.]

THE HAPPY CONFESSION.

[See P. g. 2-9.]



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THE HAPPY CONFESSION.

'WRITTEN in sand!' it sounds mournful to many—
 The dirge of bright hopes that might never expand!
 But I count that one day far the dearest of any
 That showed me my name had been written in sand—
 Written in sand!
 But then understand
 'Twas the girl that I loved wrote my name in the sand.

Ah! I had wooed her and worshipped her daily—
 Yet ever lacked courage to ask for her hand.
 Had my love won her heart? She smiled ever so gaily,
 I fear the impression was written in sand.
 Written in sand!
 How vainly I scanned
 Her face for an answer, not written in sand.

Time passed away, my brief holiday speeding
 Too soon to an end; when at duty's demand
 I must go with a heart that was wounded and bleeding,
 And leave but a memory written in sand—
 Written in sand.
 But a meeting I planned
 To learn if my love was but written in sand.

I sought her at eve where she sat by the ocean,
 When slowly the tide ebbed away from the land,
 She sat like a statue—so still, without motion—
 Yet, no! She was writing a name in the sand!
 Written in sand!
 I stole to her—and—
 Oh, joy!—'twas my name that was written in sand.

She turned in surprise—as I leant o'er her shoulder,
 Her cheek my warm breath so audaciously fanned.
 Oh, she blushed like a rose when she saw the beholder
 Was he whose loved name she had written in sand.
 Written in sand!
 As her sweet waist I spanned
 I whispered, 'My fate you have written in sand!'

NATAL SKETCHES.

FROM DURBAN TO MARITZBERG.

'OFF Durban Bay! that's awfully jolly!' were the first defined sounds that fell on my ears one morning as I lay dozing in my cabin on board the ship 'St. Antonio, from London to Natal direct,' in which my friend Gurney and I were passengers, having taken it into our heads—whether foolishly or wisely is as the reader likes—to lionize Africa for a change, feeling fatigued by Europe, and to start in search of sporting adventures in the to us unknown 'Land of the Nativity.'

It was Gurney's voice that I recognised, and a moment after he thrust his head inside the cabin door and proceeded politely to inform me that 'though I, Ramsay, was the laziest fellow in existence, it was worth my while to take the trouble this once of getting up.' Now, as a rule, I hate being awakened. Dreamland is very good quarters—quite as good anyhow as any others likely to be had—and therefore, in my opinion, the longer one can stay there the better. Hardened sinners who, without a pang, snatch one from sleep and happiness, simply deserve, and, if you have a well-constituted mind, undoubtedly will receive, summary punishment. That's the rule. On this one exceptional occasion, however, one felt willing to be awakened to hear that our long, monotonous, comfortless voyage was at last come to an end. Having been ninety days—realize that one fact, my reader, if you can—without a good dinner, owing to a daily crisis in the kitchen department, 'fleshpots' in the distance were no small additional attraction to the always welcome sight of land. Dressing, therefore, in all haste, I hurried on deck, where I found most of the motley assemblage of ladies, emigrants, officers, and 'loafers' (under which last head Gurney and myself are specially included), which had been tossed together promiscuously for the last three months, already collected. All was fuss, noise, and confusion, and

it was some time before, in the incoherent Babel of voices, I gathered the fact that to enter Durban Bay it is necessary to cross so shallow a bar, that vessels above four hundred tons burthen have to discharge a portion of their cargo before resigning themselves to the care of the harbour tug-boat 'Pioneer,' and that we passengers, with the more portable of our household gods, were to be embarked on board some of the cargo-boats hovering around us, and thus reach the land. It was blowing a gale at the time, which did not promise to facilitate operations; but, finally, after an immense amount of fussy arrangements and general bother, we found ourselves transferred on board the cargo-boats, parting with a pang from our heavy baggage, and taking leave of our late home.

Owing to the severity of the gale we were at once sent down below, as it was considered necessary to batten down the hatches while crossing the bar, but on emerging from the darkness below to light again, we find ourselves peacefully gliding along the well-wooded shores of Durban Bay, and making our way to the 'Point,' a stone wharf, whence a single line of rails conveys the traveller on to Durban itself, distant about two miles.

At the landing-place we find assembled a crowd of colonists, both to greet, and take stock, of the new arrivals. The native element numbers in force; some in 'the Natal full-dress costume,' as Gurney remarked, which consisted of a couple of feathers in the hair, and the minutest possible bunch of dried sheep's tails tied round the middle; most, however, in what we supposed to be 'working order,' *i.e.*, perfectly naked. These latter seemed to create a great sensation on the minds of two very gorgeously got-up young ladies (second-class passengers), who, on emerging from the cabin, found themselves suddenly confronted by these brawny sons of

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Ham, in Dame Nature's livery. With a shriek of wounded feminine delicacy quite touching to witness, one instantly rushed back to the cabin, while the other affected to conceal the blushes on her cheeks, which, unfortunately, *hadn't come*, by a once very gorgeous, now, alas! torn and dirty, lace-edged handkerchief. We left the damsels afterwards bewailing their hard fate and outraged feelings over two broken handboxes on the beach.

Meanwhile we find it difficult to get our luggage carried up to the platform in time for the train; the Zulus, in spite of their being, as we had fondly hoped, in 'working order,' apparently thinking it quite beneath their dignity to be of use. An arrival in Africa seemed to present a vivid contrast to an arrival in Europe. Far from being struggled for by a mob of porters, our luggage dragged in one direction, ourselves in another, it required the almost superhuman energy of Gurney to induce two sailors lounging near to carry our effects to the adjacent railway platform, where we await the arrival of the single engine possessed by the company. In a moment or two the familiar shriek is heard, a short train slowly glides up, and, seating ourselves in a very comfortable carriage with open seats, we soon begin our drive to Durban. The line of rail runs through some bush underwood, above which tower evergreen trees, bound together by creepers in endless variety, some in full blow, and filling the air with delicious perfume. Our young friends, Tompkins, Perkins, and Simpkins, who are in our carriage (three inseparable and credulous young persons, who had acted as butts for all practical jokers on board the 'St. Antonio'), have already discovered many likely lairs for tigers in the scrub, and are apparently eager for the fray, and burning with zeal to be 'up and at 'em,' armed with the valuable weapons with which Nathan has provided them, hardly sufficiently recognising the probable changes in the domestic arrangements of the creatures since the arrival of the intrusive white man.

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A few minutes more and we are claiming our luggage on the Durban platform, and that completed, find ourselves criticizing the general appearance of the town when on our way to the hotel, to which our friend P——, a sugar planter and old resident in Natal, who had come over with us in the 'St. Antonio,' had recommended us. First, we crossed a sort of straggling suburb, the houses built of every different material—some stone, some brick, others 'wattle and daub,' but all with the universal iron roof glittering in the heat of the afternoon sun. Presently the houses become more pretentious—stand closer together, with here and there a shop, and we find we are in one of the two principal streets. A contract to water the town would be anything but a sinecure office here, for dust reigns everywhere; on the pathways ankle-deep, on or in every article you buy—yes, even in your bedroom, as I afterwards discover, covering your bed and filling your water-jug with equal impartiality.

Ploughing our way across a square apparently one vast dust drift, but containing also, we are credibly informed, several varieties of shrubs, we reach our hotel. P—— had previously told us that the proprietor was pre-eminently what is called a 'rough diamond,' so it was rather an agreeable surprise to find ourselves sitting down to a capital luncheon, served in a wooden out-building; and our long involuntary course of abstinence on board the 'St. Antonio' enabled us to do ample justice to fresh bread and butter, fried fish, vegetables, and a fine pineapple.

The heat being intense, we deferred our intended exploring expedition till the sun grew lower, enjoyed our cigars and the *dolce far niente* under the verandah shading the hotel, and lazily criticised the moving stream of human life passing to and fro. The Kaffirs—here obliged by borough law to wear trousers to the knee—at once arrest attention by their defiant carriage, a marked contrast to the deferential demeanour of the American negro. This Kaffir idiosyncrasy seemed

much to distress a gentleman who had spent much of his life cotton planting in days of yore in the Southern States of America; and he very openly expressed the intense satisfaction it would afford him to introduce some of the regulations in use in his time in the South at once into Natal. Flogging seemed his grand panacea for the education of a black race; and though perhaps my friend went rather too far in his theory, it certainly is the worst possible policy to make spoiled children of any inferior race. Overleniency does not suit blacks, and it appears to me one may err almost as much on that side as in over-severity. We had a discussion on the subject, which, however, I may spare the reader—digressions are always a bore—and invite his attention to true colonial *spécialité* which, with the most discordant, unearthly creakings, cries, and whippackings, slowly hoves in sight—the bullock-waggon of a Dutch colonist. To an English eye, accustomed to neatness even in a common wheelbarrow, a bullock-waggon presents a curious combination of clumsiness and rude workmanship; but to the young Dutchman swinging his bare legs over the fore-chest it is superior to any masterpiece from Long Acre. To criticise his waggon—to hint, however gently, at its weight—to doubt that oxen at a walk don't rival an express train in speed, is to touch a Dutchman on his very sorest point. For nearly two minutes he manages to throw off his natural phlegm, and doing his best to work into a rage, warmly eulogizes the whole concern. While on the waggon subject we must not forget to speak of one of its most important parts or belongings—the universally-used raw ox-hide, called in Dutch parlance 'rim,' or 'rimpe.' It is ready on all occasions—as much a *spécialité* as the waggon itself; it supplies the place of hammer, nails, iron, or rope, in all its various uses; but woe to the novice who secures with wet 'rim' anything he may want to open in a hurry—for it dries to the hardness of iron; and if the Gordian knot was composed of 'rimpe' (as I suspect it was), he

must only follow a great example, and cut it.

While we are lazily passing our remarks on the colonial 'national vehicle,' and its horned Bucephali, a string of Kaffirs hurry past bearing heavy bags on their heads, and we are informed the 'English mail is in.' The official mind, never in any country overquick to form new ideas, is here, it appears, still doubtful of the advantages of steam-power, and prefers to confide the mail-bags to Kaffir runners than to the mercies of the railway—a course of proceeding which rather tickles our fancy.

At 7 P.M. we sit down to an excellent dinner, dressed in Indian style, and doing great credit to the coolie cook. A dessert follows of pineapples, bananas, loquots, and other indigenous fruits. Our coffee is sweetened with Natal sugar, the berry itself being produced on the neighbouring coast lands. During the evening many settlers drop in, to welcome the fresh arrivals, and the public rooms and billiard-rooms are soon crowded. Introduced to some of the leading planters by our friend P—, Gurney and I receive many hospitable invitations to explore the coast lands, and inspect the various coffee and sugar plantations there; but being already expected at Maritzburg, we are obliged for the present to defer a coast trip, though not the less favourably impressed by the genuinely kind feeling and hospitable welcome offered to new-comers by the residents.

The next day we had to go up to the magistrate's office to pay the duty charged on firearms. They are then stamped with a number, and a ticket given the owner with a corresponding number on it, all which trouble and expense seems to have no great object but to confer inconvenience on the new-comer. We, having a number of cartridges for breech-loaders above the prescribed quantity, had to pay additional duty, which of course temporarily deranged our naturally excellent tempers. The ostensible reason for the proceeding is that importation and sale of arms to natives may be prevented; but

while thus jealously guarding the port, and inconveniencing persons only bringing in arms for protection or amusement, no effort whatever is made to guard the long coast line, where, at any time, if it paid, an adventurer could land any number of guns, or quantity of ammunition. Having arranged this preliminary to an advance inland, Gurney and I went in search of horses, intending, colonial fashion, to ride to Maritzburg, leaving our luggage to follow by bullock waggon. The only horses we could see, however, were so inferior that we took P——'s advice, deferred investing capital in horse-flesh till we gained the higher parts of the colony, and took our places in a four-horse omnibus, then plying every alternate day between Durban and Pieter-Maritzburg. The hot coast climate, and a vicious species of tick which abounds there, and gorges itself at the animal's expense, combine to make the lower portions of Natal anything but a 'happy land' for horses. The poor brutes have also a merciless enemy in the deadly horse-sickness, a species of lung disease which yearly devastates the colony from November to May. This malady, generally incurable even in the high lands, is almost always fatal on the coast, where vast numbers of horses are carried off yearly during its ravages.

Hearing that the omnibus was to start at 6 A.M. next morning, we naturally requested that a Kaffir might call us at five; but to this arrangement our landlord, the rough diamond I have before hinted at, would by no means consent. He told us, with immense equanimity, that 'he never got up himself at those hours, and his servants weren't likely to, either.' Fortunately a convenient peculiarity of Gurney's of being able to wake at any given hour enabled us to dispense with the 'calling' ceremony, and also to reach the 'bus office in time—a double feat I never expected to accomplish. We were soon seated in a kind of wagonette designed to carry six passengers inside and one outside, beside the driver. It was fairly enough

horsed, as the time occupied in doing the distance of fifty-four miles—ten hours—will show.

We plunge along somewhat spasmodically at first, the notorious Durban dust lying deep on the ground; but as we ascend the Beren we get on more open ground, and can admire at leisure the fine view beneath us. The bush under-wood grows in tangled masses to the roadside, while through the occasional clearances appear many villa residences and cottages, the (for the most part) iron roofs contrasting pleasantly with the dark foliage of the shrub-like trees. At some twelve miles from Durban we wind round a high hill, and presently from the summit we get a fine view of the distant town and the strip of surf marking the break-water beyond.

Gurney, however, who is too practical to care for landscape beauties, hails with much more delight a few scattered houses, dignified with the name of Pinetown, where we are to breakfast. Again on the road the landscape changes; we drive through a tract covered with dry grass only. There is no shade from the eternal dry grass, and a light awning protects us but slightly from the broiling noonday sun, while the dust envelopes us in a densely thick white cloud. On, on, we toil, till we hail with relief a copse of mimosa thorns at Mys Doorns, some ten miles from Maritzburg. The colonial mind seems quite unable to realize trees, in the European sense of the word, for, on our complaining to one of our fellow-travellers of the dreariness of the landscape from their absence, amazed and indignant he pointed to some wretchedly stunted abortions of the acacia species, with 'What do you want more than that ere?' The fatigue engendered by sun, dust, and corduroy roads made me unfortunately feel quite unable to grapple with him in argument. But lo! at last from the summit of a hill we see in the distance groups of actually tall gum trees, the spaces between them filled in by white specks, and we hear the welcome news that we are approaching

Pieter-Maritzburg. Pretty and refreshing the capital looks too on closer inspection, with its boulevards of trees before the houses, and streams of water flowing by the footways. Crossing an iron bridge spanning a small river, we whirl past a tastefully laid out cemetery, and, emerging from our cloud of dust, finally pull up before the 'Prince Alfred' hotel.

Gurney the active at once starts on a shopping expedition (the omnibus not being supposed to carry luggage, we had but a small port-manteau between us), and returned much impressed by the shopkeepers' urbanity. One individual had fraternized immensely on the strength of having been apprenticed years before to a man who had made Gurney's boots; another youth gave him much valuable advice on the advisability of at once buying a trap—'walking was not Maritzburg fashion.' As to myself, as I didn't think Maritzburg was likely to run away during the night, I postponed a survey till next day, when a stroll through the streets strengthened our first favourable impressions of the capital of Natal.

Situated on a plain gently sloping to the N.E., Maritzburg consists of eight parallel thoroughfares with a few cross streets, many of the houses standing detached in their well-kept gardens, the latter gay with many-coloured verbenas, which appear to thrive with much luxuriance. Every now and then one stumbles on a shop, apparently strayed away from some English country town—while churches abound; and be you, my reader, Church of England, Church of Scotland, Dutch Calvinist, Roman Catholic, Wesleyan Methodist, or converted Kaffir, you can attend a place of worship of your own creed at the expense of a five minutes' walk.

Opposite our hotel lies the market square, where every morning Boers, English settlers, and speculators sell their produce—and the buyers too if they can—or supply their wants. The scene is generally enlivened by impromptu displays of horsemanship on bucking horses, or by refractory oxen utterly refusing

to be inspanned, perhaps bolting tail on end back to their green pastures out of town at the moment an auctioneer is dilating on their unrivalled docility.

At the time of our arrival Maritzburg was about to celebrate universal holiday in honour of the annual races, which were to come off in a couple of days. The town seemed agog with excitement, horsey talk was the universal theme, and it was quite curious to see how completely the Anglo-Saxon had inoculated the whole population with his national love of horseflesh. The hotel breakfast or dinner as the great day approaches is continually interrupted by excited individuals rushing in to announce the arrival of Mr. A——'s mare, or to request the loan of Mr. B——'s colours; while from the grave-looking gentleman in spectacles who sits at the top of the public table down to the lounging barman, at present criticizing a customer's back, all profess a thorough knowledge of horseflesh, and with characteristic colonial freeness give you the benefit of their wisdom unasked, however valueless it may happen to be. We are engaged to join the party formed by our friend F—— (who since we were chums together in days gone by has turned Natal settler, and hastened to greet us as soon as we reached Maritzburg) to witness the Natal Epsom Meeting. F—— is especially interested in the event, as a mare of his own breeding is to make her *début* in the Trial Stakes, and he has also entered a big brown Roman-nosed brute called Julius Cæsar for the handicap, and some other events besides. The horse was picked up cheap on a shooting expedition, and F—— hopes to realize a considerable profit on him should he win his engagements; an insane idea apparently prevailing that any horse at all likely looking is able to race. Unfortunately many a good hack has been ruined in the process of training, without attaining the desired results. However,

* Hope springs eternal in the human breast,*

and on the day of the races we all

started in great spirits in a large party, including many ladies, for the race-course, distant about a mile from the town.

Drags and four, barouches, and Hansoms here find their places supplied by colonial waggons drawn by any number of oxen from twenty to eight. Here and there, however, are to be seen a few battered dog-carts, and even an occasional basket pony carriage. A waste piece of ground, with a few extemporized booths and wooden shanties scattered over it, forms the race-course. On this occasion it also boasts a stand, to which the ladies of the party ascend, while F—— and the other men go in search of the roped round ring which represents the paddock.

In front of us is gathered a crowd, in which Kaffirs and whites seem equally mixed, and, to judge from the shouts of laughter, equally amused. Eager to learn the cause of the joke, we press through the throng, and behold! there she stands—the all-conquering, inspiriting, noseless, discreditable old friend—Aunt Sally! Witness of the Englishman's love of striking she is, however, we regret to state, even dingier in complexion and more *outrée* in garments than ever.

'If you please, Mister, we've saddled up the mare.' We turn round, and in the smallest possible atom of a boy, clothed in a bright-scarlet racing-jacket and long boots, F—— recognizes the lad who is to ride his mare Vilette in the Trial Stakes.

Fine as the line of demarcation sometimes is in Europe which separates the gentleman rider from the professional jock, no difference whatever exists here, for the simple reason that professionals are not. Any youngster riding light, with a decently clear head, grasps at, and easily obtains the ambition of youth, 'a pair of colours;' but alas! for the unlucky owners, riding an animal to orders is unknown, or, if known, voted *infra dig*. The young demon on horse-

back makes the running to suit his own private ends or fancy, which generally means, just as fast as he can cut it out from the start to the finish. Thus it fell out that F——'s young hopeful, having had an argument with a schoolfellow also riding in the race, distinguished himself by walking in last, with his mare completely blown. Julius Cæsar, when called upon to redeem his stable companion's ill success, and cover himself with glory, positively refused to do either one or the other; not all his jockey's united blandishments and flogging could induce him to leave the post, which rather ruffled F——'s good temper. With the exception of these vexations, the race party and our champagne luncheon passed off most satisfactorily; and, to quote the words of a stout gentleman (who for some mysterious reason not revealed thought himself called upon to make a speech in a refreshment booth), 'Those who won were happy in pocketing the stakes; while those who lost could enjoy *ad libitum*, and without expense, the much eulogized pleasures of hope.'

The sun was dipping behind the hills as we wended our way back into Maritzburg, accompanied by the whole race-course throng, as after the last race the whole gathering dispersed; and though I cannot quite agree with the stout gentleman before mentioned who confidentially told me that Natal could produce swifter and better horses than England, and that in time the mother country would be obliged to import hacks from her young daughter, I cannot withhold the meed of praise justly due to the colony for the spirit and energy she displays in successfully carrying out her racing arrangements, and, sincerely hope that those men who at considerable risk and expense import the true English racehorse blood may reap a rich golden harvest, untouched by rust and mildew, as their reward.

R.

TWO HOURS IN GAOL.

Prison Occupations at Holloway.

THE City Prison at Holloway is an establishment for the reception of criminals sentenced to two years' imprisonment or less, and at the present time the governor has four hundred and fifty delinquents in his custody. To provide receptacles at once commodious and secure for so many lodgers is undoubtedly an essential condition, but another of almost equal importance is so to arrange the said receptacles that the ways thereto may converge to one common centre, the latter affording a stand-point from which an uninterrupted view of the full number of cell-doors may be obtained by the warders on duty. Without entering on architectural detail it may be said, by an admirable arrangement of radiating corridors these prime aids towards successful prison management have been attained. It is needless to say that the whole establishment, from extremest corner to corner, and from roof to basement, is scrupulously clean; indeed it is glaringly so, and painful to contemplate on that account. You look upward and round about and all is white, white, spotless, and dead, and harmonising exactly with the frequent notice-boards enjoining 'SILENCE' hung around. Under foot all is black; it cannot well be blacker, for the flooring material is asphalt, and every morning it is black-leaded till it shines like the face of a kitchen-stove. It looks like a still, black pool in the evening light and is slippery as glass. The warders, conforming to the grim rule of silence, glide about in shoes, the uppers of which are white canvas and the soles india-rubber. They shift from this point to that so swiftly and noiselessly that you would think that the still, black pool was frozen to ice and they were sliding on it, only that as a rule sliders are jolly-looking people, and these were solemn men, resigned to their duty perhaps, but overpowered by a melancholy that dwells in the atmosphere.

The City Prison is a working pri-

son, and the governor, taking advantage of certain facilities that perhaps are peculiar to the prison location, appears to have advanced far towards solving the long-tried puzzle of how to make enforced labour profitable. By way of answer to a question put by us relative to this matter, there was placed in our hands the 'labour-roll' for the day, showing at a glance how every capable prisoner of the four hundred and fifty had been employed since morning. I wish that I had copied the roll that I might have presented it to the reader in its exact entirety, but I well remember that it included painters, glaziers, smiths, carpenters, wood-choppers, barbers, wheel-treaders, oakum-pickers, bricklayers, brick-makers, and, last and most important of all, mat-makers. There were between sixty and seventy mat-makers. We went into the mat-factory, where there are several looms, which have been erected on the present governor's responsibility. We were informed that a prisoner who had never seen a loom before might be taught to make himself useful at one in a fortnight. The prison authorities are at no risk as regards their mat-making. A contractor provides all material, bringing it to their doors and carrying away all manufactured goods: and last year the profits thereon that was handed to the corporation out of this branch of prison labour alone amounted to *nine hundred pounds*.

I have alluded to brick-making as figuring in the labour-roll, and was as much surprised as doubtless the reader will be to find it there. Twenty-five, I think, was the number of prison hands engaged at this branch of manufacture; but where was it performed? To make bricks it is necessary to have at your command clay and 'breeze' or cinders for burning. 'Come with me,' said the governor, 'and you shall see all about it.'

He conducted us out of the prison to the grounds at the rear of it, enclosed by the high prison walls, of

course. The ground pertaining to the gaol is about seven acres in extent, and without doubt it is made the most of. Two acres and a quarter are in wheat—the very finest that can be met for fifty miles round, owing doubtless to a judicious utilization of the prison sewage in the form of liquid manure. Besides the wheat there are thriving plots of cabbages and potatoes, and onions and leeks for soup, all sown and tended by the prisoners. Never was wheat so precious, thanks to its merciful grower. It is a gaol regulation that every prisoner shall take so much walking exercise each day, and in ordinary the necessary operation is performed in a dreary, flag-paved yard wherein the prisoners tramp wearily to and fro through the specified time—how much exhilarated may be easily imagined. But just now it is pleasant walking for the inmates of Holloway Prison, and it will grow pleasanter until wheat-cutting time comes. In one of the largest patches circular paths are left, and this is the exercise-ground. To be sure, to expect to rouse wholesome emotion in the breasts of a certain set of Holloway prisoners by so gentle a means would be simply absurd; but they are not all of this sort. There are scores and scores of miserable men young and old, who under a spell of devilry have slipped from the path of rectitude once, and only once, and who in the confines of their narrow, solitary cell drop hot tears of remorse and penitence as their thoughts wander *home* and to wives and children, and they yearn till their hearts ache for the day that shall restore them. What, after the debasing drudgery of gaol-labour, must that hour's tramping through the hopeful green wheat be to them?

But it is not all tramping through green wheat out in the prison rearward garden. It is here that the bricks are made. The governor's severely economic instincts have led him to argue that although no kind of crop may be raised out of clay, such as abounds on his estate, there is another direct and simple method of making the material in question productive. In a great pit the fur-

nace and ordinary fire-refuse of the prison is stored, and with these two ingredients he sets to work. There is a 'pug-mill' worked by manual instead of horse-power, and 'moulders' and barrow-hands and stackers, all wearing the slate-coloured skeleton suit with the embroidered sleeve and the metal ticket with a number on it about their neck. But silence still prevails. You can hear the dull thud of the clay as the moulder fills his mould, and the clap of the little boards with which the carriers take up the soft brick, and the creak of the barrow-wheel as the bricks are wheeled away; but beyond that there is not noise enough to drown the chirp of the free sparrow that has her nest in a niche of the prison wall. In the midst of the workers, perched in a sort of pulpit, is an officer in prison livery, who has nothing to do but fold his arms and shut his mouth and keep his ears open and stare at the five-and-twenty brick-makers with all his might, ready to pounce on anybody who dare break the golden rule. But nobody grumbles; indeed it may be safely asserted that throughout the gaol there are no such cheerful-looking labourers as those out-o'-door ones. However severe the task, it is performed in the open air, where the crow flies over head and the sun shines and the wind blows. Besides, there is fair in view the only obstacle that stands between them and liberty, between them and the common pavement on which people lounge, or saunter, or hurry, without dreaming of restraint. They can hear the leather-lunged potboy from the public-house over the way bawling 'Beer O!' they can hear the carriages rattling along the roadway and the heavy market-cart rumbling over the stones, and can picture the happy carter smoking his short pipe as he slouches along, with one hand in his pocket and his whip over his shoulder. Ah, dear reader! you know a few clever people, and so do I; but for 'seeing through a brick wall,' as the saying is, one of these unfortunate labourers in the prison garden might be matched against any one of them and backed at long odds to win.

The labour least relished by the prisoners—and I don't wonder at it—is the treadmill. Its use is to raise sufficient water for the use of the establishment to an immense tank fixed on the roof. Hand-pumping was at first tried, and with such questionable success that the labourers were suspected of 'shirking,' and to prove the charge against them a gang of free workers were called in and set to the task; but, having that blessed privilege, after a trial they dropped the pump-handles and flatly declined 'to have any more of it.' The treadmill answers better, but it is fearfully hard work for the treaders. With all respect for the excellent contrivers and managers of the institution under inspection, I would suggest an alteration in this treadmill-shed. There should be more light and more air in the place: on a hot summer's day the fatigue must be unbearable. The 'wheel' itself extends the whole length of the shed by the wall, and revolves on an axle. Attached to this wheel, or rather drum, are projecting pieces of board six inches in width and about nine inches apart. Overhead is a short bar for the operator to grasp with his hands, and when the wheel is started he has no foot-hold and no rest for his feet until his spell of 'treading' is at an end. For full twenty minutes he must constantly raise first his right foot, then his left, as though he was walking up stairs, and this at the rate of about sixty times in a minute. Fancy having to ascend twelve hundred stairs in twenty minutes, to ascend to the summit of the Monument three times over in that short time, and then to be released that you may sit in a box like a church-pew in the same shed and *pick oakum* for a further term of twenty minutes by way of a rest, and then three times to the top of the Monument again, and so on through the working hours of every day! And it is not as though the operator trod on the open wheel. He must not speak to his neighbour, he must not see him; and to this end he works in a sort of box open at top. It must be terrible work for a fat man, and such as well as

lean commit themselves. It is possible for such an one, as we were informed, to lose in weight *three stone* in as many months.

But it is not six hours at the treadmill, or at any other manner of work performed at the City Prison, that contents the inexorable authorities of that model establishment. One way or another a prisoner must work *ten* hours. He is roused at half-past five in the morning, and somehow or another he is kindly preserved against the perils of idleness until eight o'clock at night. This shows fifteen hours and a half, but he is not *working* absolutely all that time. He has to go to chapel and to take his meals and his exercise. He is tasked through ten hours only. Many of the trades—such, for instance, as the shoemakers and tailors and the out-o'-door hands (excepting the brick-makers) 'knock off' at six to get their supper, after which they retire to their cells; but they must do some kind of work until the bell sounds eight o'clock, when they may cease, and are privileged to spend the ensuing hour in reading or meditation, or in washing themselves, when the bell tolls again, and a clatter of hammock hooks as long and precise almost as the grounding of arms at a military review resounds through the corridors, and the prisoners may go to bed.

Ah! the glorious privilege of breaking that horrible silence, though only for so short a time as may be occupied in adjusting four iron hooks in as many catches! The blessed relief of lifting for a few seconds the sombre veil that clings about a poor wretch so suffocatingly! 'The strictest silence must be observed,' say the notice-boards, and it is observed. Entering in at a door guarded by a gigantic though melancholy janitor in india-rubber shoes, the governor signs us to step softly on to a mat that is there. We do so, and in a listening attitude he raises his hand. There is not a sound. Before us is a long corridor containing a long double row of cells, each containing a man alive and in health and engaged at some

kind of work; but no charnel-house could be quieter. Judging from the awful 'hush,' the cells might each have been a church vault, with a coffined creature lying within it. But presently a noise is heard, a 'Tap! tap! tap!' and then a pause, and then a succession of taps, vigorous and hearty, conveying to our oppressed senses a relief for which we sigh gratefully, as one does on a sultry evening when the heavy and sudden rain-drops come pit-a-pat on to the dusty road. 'That's a shoemaker,' the governor whispers; 'he's got a task to finish, and he is hammering out his sole-leather.' Fortunate shoemaker! If it is a relief from the dread benumbing to clatter aloud for the space of half a minute with a couple of iron hooks, what must it be to be armed with a handy broad-faced hammer and a lapstone, with liberty to assault grim silence with all the strength of your right arm? How the other poor still stitchers of cloth and pickers of oakum must have envied him! What would they not have given for a broad-faced hammer and a lapstone and free permission to bang away as hard as they pleased for half an hour! Good Lord! they would have been heard as far as the summit of Highgate Hill. 'Do the prisoners dread this cell silence so very much?' the reader may ask. Ay, do they—a hundred times more than a free man can possibly realize. A gang of them—poor soft-handed wretches!—were at work on the evening of our visit at the rough, and to them heavy, task of bricklaying, and had been so employed all day. Come six o'clock, they were to turn into their cells and spend the next two hours at some light work at which they could sit down; but they didn't want to sit down; they didn't want to change the heavy work for the light. Holding up his hand, which is the sign that a prisoner craves permission to speak, one of them humbly requested the governor to allow them to continue bricklaying until eight o'clock. But the request could not be granted. 'For God's sake, governor, put me in another cell!' was the prayer of one

poor prisoner who had occupied the same lodging through nine weary months; 'for God's sake put me somewhere else! I have counted the bricks of the cell I am in till my eyes ache.'

But there came under our notice one curious instance of how small a matter may upset the calculations and turn even to ridicule the sternest enactments of men mighty in authority. From the men's corridor we proceeded to the women's, and, prideful of his eminently successful silent system, the governor paused at the threshold with the whispered remark, 'These are the female cells, and yet you perceive the same unbroken stillness reigns. Women or men, gentlemen, one system rules them, and they must obey.' When lo! at that very instant a tiny voice was heard to crow its shrillest, and that within a dozen yards of where we were standing. 'That's one of the babies,' remarked the governor, with all the wind suddenly taken out of his sails. 'Of course you can't keep babies quiet.'

We were further informed that as many as fourteen of these small mockers and defiers of gags and governors were born in the gaol within the year. The mothers are permitted to take charge of their children. In every cell door there is a peep-hole of about the size of a penny, covered first with wire gauze and then with a shifting metal cover. Putting this last aside we peeped in, and there we saw the little rebel who had so audaciously put to rout the governor and his silent system sitting on the bed bright and lively, and getting rare fun out of a skein of darning cotton, while its mother, seated on a stool by the bedside, was busily finishing a job of sock-mending by the fading light that shone in at the high-up barred narrow strip of window. It would be hard to say whether the presence of the innocent baby with its cheerful little face and its general air of content made the gloomy little cell look more or less prison-like. How the mother would have answered had the question been put to her need not be doubted, but of course she was a prejudiced person.

By the way, I wonder if the silent system in all its grim severity is imposed on mothers with babies? The cobbler is at liberty to pound away at his leather till the gloomy corridor echoes again, but he no more dare whistle as he hammers than he dare demand a pint of beer wherewith to whet his whistle; the incarcerated tailor, to beguile the tedious time may *think* a tune if he pleases, but to hum one would be to peril his prospects of dinner; how is it with mothers and their little ones? Are they bound to caress them (and you may depend that they are not so debased as to have overcome the very natural habit) in dumb show? Do they convey to them words of endearment under their breath, and indocriinate them in the soothing nursery jingle by unsounding movements of their lips? The next time I am in the company of our worthy governor I will ask him all about it.

Every day the prisoners, male and female, old and young, are made to attend chapel, and twice on Sundays. The appearance of the sacred edifice quite upsets one's ideas of 'freedom' of religious worship. The chaplain's pulpit is perched high up against the wall at the end, so as to enable him to get a view of his entire congregation. Otherwise this would be impossible; for while the larger body of adult male prisoners occupy the body of the chapel, the women and children are partitioned off on either side by a tall partition that quite precludes the possibility of their seeing beyond. Before the great space where the men sit is a pair of tall grim iron gates; and they are ranged on seats rising one above the other with warders in attendance and constantly on the watch lest for a single instant they through the whole of the service depart from the rigid rule of 'eyes right.' They must look stedfastly before them, regarding through the iron bars the preacher in his pulpit, and they must raise and lower their prayer-books with elbows squared and all at once like soldiers at drill. They may not scrape their feet upon the floor without having afterwards to

explain the movement. They may scarcely wink an eye or sigh without danger of rebuke or punishment. God help them, poor wretches!

It says much in favour of the Holloway system, however, that it exercises no injurious effect on the health of the inmates. There is a commodious infirmary; but out of the large number of four hundred and fifty only three were invalided, and that—at least in two cases—not through being unable to bear up against the severity of gaol discipline. Of the two cases in question one was that of an old man turned eighty, an experienced 'smasher,' or passer of spurious coin, while the other was a tall languid young man of decent appearance, who, coming of a family of thieves, had always been himself a thief, but who was now in the last stage of consumption. He was going home to his friends in the country, as we were informed. 'He may as well go home and die, since he wishes it, as die here.' When fever cases occur in the gaol they are removed at once to the Fever Hospital, and when he is cured he gets his liberty; on what principle, however, is not very clear.

There are peep-holes in the doors of the cells in which the male prisoners are confined. The polished black-leaded floors and the india-rubber shoes favour stealthy approach, and the sliding corner of the peep-hole may be shifted quite without sound, so that at any moment a prisoner may be under the suspicious eye of a warder, and he never know it. It was now eight o'clock (a fact the great shining bell hung in the hall announced in deafening accents), the signal for striking work for the night. There yet remained an hour till bed-time. 'What do they do meanwhile?' we inquired. 'Look and see for yourself,' replied our guide; and we did, treading softly from door to door and noiselessly pushing back the peep-hole screen. The majority were engaged in the healthful process of washing. They are not bound to wash themselves overnight, but as they are expected to show clean and

ready to commence the labour of the day at half-past five o'clock in the morning, they find it convenient to perform their ablutions before they retire to their hammocks. The prisoners are afforded every facility for cleanliness. In each cell water is laid on, and the not unliberal allowance daily is six gallons. Each prisoner is provided with a bowl for washing his face and hands, and a neat little tray holding about a gallon and a half, in which he is expected to perform the same necessary operation on his feet, when necessary. Further, he has a wooden soap-dish and a handy bit of yellow soap and a good towel. Every day the men go to church; but on Sunday godliness and cleanliness go specially hand in hand. On the Sabbath morning the governor makes a tour of sanitary inspection, and every prisoner appears at his cell door with his trousers pulled up above his shins and his feet naked, while his shirt and jacket are turned back at the collar so as to expose his neck and shoulders. Once a week in hot weather and once a fortnight in cold every prisoner has a bath.

But peeping in at the peep-hole we discerned that very many of the captives were not busy with the soap and towel—perhaps it was only the experienced and ‘settled-down’ hands that were so. Some of the poor fellows it was in the highest degree painful to contemplate. Here was a man seated on his stool before the scanty bracketed board that served as his table, evidently engaged in composing a letter to his friends—to his wife perhaps. Prisoners have to be mighty careful how they write their letters. One and all are carried to the governor, and by him inspected; and unless it is composed in the plainest language and is entirely free from ambiguous phrases and matters of a ‘private’ nature the prisoner has wasted his time, for the letter will not be forwarded. The prisoners are, of course, apprised of this regulation, and, necessary though it be, its observance is doubtless a source of considerable embarrassment—especially to the imperfectly educated and the alley bred,

whose knowledge of phraseology, although invaluable to the compiler of a slang dictionary, is altogether unequal to the production of such a plain and unmistakable epistle as will pass muster with the lynx-eyed supervisor. But, however unsatisfactory, this occupation evinced a disposition towards resignation, which was something. Others there were who were a long, long way from resigned. Here might be seen a man who had taken off his shoes that he might make no noise pacing his cell to and fro to and fro, and with rapid stride as a wild animal does when it is newly caged, with his arms tightly folded and his face haggard and wrinkled by the terrible reflections that are tormenting him. Here is another, a poor stricken wretch too cast down for an active display of his agony, and who sits on his stool still as a statue, with his face buried in his hands. Who he is, is a secret known only to the governor and the record book. Perhaps he is merely a regular thief bemoaning his severance from some Sall or Poll of Spitalfields, and may be a little child or two, their shameful progeny. It is possible, for even professional thieves may not defy the laws of nature as well as those of society; and though the criminal records may justly brand them as ‘hardened ruffians,’ make no doubt that they are not all hardness. They must have their inner life of domestic affection and their heart yearnings for somebody, or they are less than the fox or the wolf. May be, however, the dismal figure tight clad in his prison suit and buried in sorrow so that no more than the top of his closely-cropped head is visible, a month ago was a free and seemingly happy fellow, who dined sumptuously every day, and wore fine clothes and costly jewellery, and lived in a handsome villa at Brompton or Twickenham along with a confiding and innocent wife and a troop of merry children, who would as soon have believed that the moon was about to fall as that papa, who of late had grown so fidgety and complained of headache and shut himself for hours together in his room, was a miserable felon waiting

and quaking for the crash that he knew must presently come. Anyway, there he is, and there he must remain, no man at all, but a mere machine built of flesh and bone and muscle that may be adapted to any useful purpose his custodian may

choose for him. He is merely a ticketed animal that must, through two years, through six hundred weary working days, make bricks, or draw water, or scrub floors, or pick oakum,—in silence.

JAMES GREENWOOD.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE DANCE.

A Set arranged in Eight Figures by Sam Roub.

(ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE CLAXTON.)

THE DANCE COURTLY.

I. THE CAPERS GEORGIAN.

THE balls that enlivened the Georgian Court
Were balls of an antediluvian sort.
They might very likely supply you with sport,
But not with a partner you'd care for;
Though the sex was not then an extravagant lot
As now—though 'tis dear to man ever, I wot—
Observe to what height in their fashions they got!
The maxim in those days was clearly 'waist not!'

So they ne'er, I suppose, 'wanted' therefore.

But the fashions for men! you may safely go bail,
It would turn modern dandies uncommonly pale
To think of assuming that old coat of male;
Like the present, 'tis clear, next to nothing in tail;
But in collars—necks truly to something.

I think if your tailor in these days displayed
As the fashion some coat on the old model made,
With the buttons behind, one on each shoulder-blade,
You would use a slang term, I am sadly afraid,
And the garment be branded a rum thing!

Well! gaze on the picture before you that lies!
You note the strange capers in silent surprise,—
They never, I vow, 'll seem ease in your eyes,
Beside they are looking such guys in their guise,
That the dance is a series of figures.

You'd scarcely laugh more, I'll bet odds, should you take
A trip to the South, where ole Dinah and Jake
Are holiday-making; and down in a brake
Of cane see a break-down of niggers.

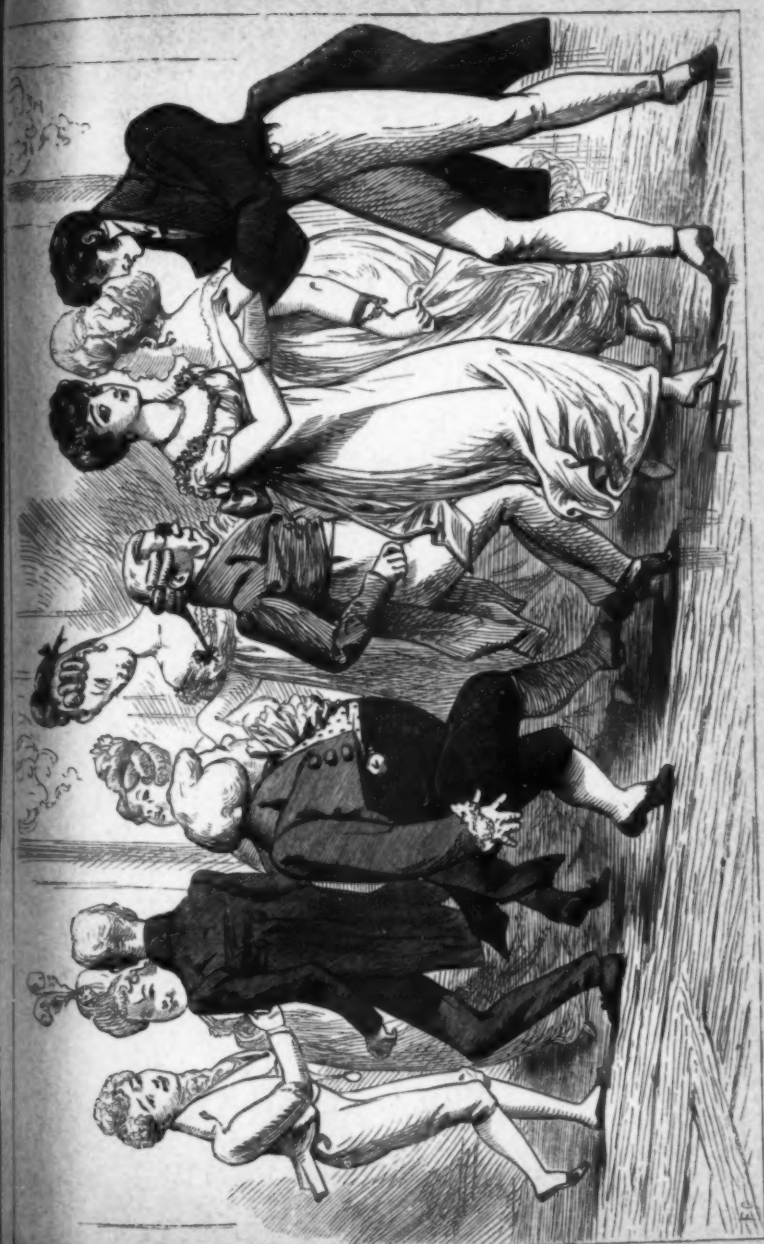
In those days, no matter how politics sped—
Though the House by the Tories, in short, should be led—
The Wigs had an absolute claim to the head,
And the real hair ousted in cases.

And the ladies, e'en those in the flower of their age,
Wore powder, because (to account for the rage)
They wished to 'go off!' And moreover (the sage
Has a blush on his cheek as he's penning this page)
There were some of them painted their faces.

[Let us hope in our day such remarks don't apply,
And that none of the fair sex now living would dye:
'Twould be pitiful middle-aged dames to decry
So bent on youth's roses and dimples,

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XUM



THE DANCE COURTLY—THE CAPERS GEORGIAN.



XUM

That they borrowed a lot of sham charms for their mugs,
And thus ran, alas! into some hag's cruel hugs,
Who'd a rash elementary knowledge of drugs,
But a mighty experience in simples.]

What dance did they dance? 'Tis not easy to say—
A mere country dance in a general way—

No fandango or sprightly bolero.

But your courtier will caper away without tire
Whatever the tune that is played on the lyre,
Provided that Royalty twangle the wire!
Why the Senators skipped till it made them perspire,
And the flames even danced while old Rome was on fire
When the fiddle was wielded by Nero!

And so as the Regent was fond of his wine,
His Court went the famous 'whole hog,' we define
In this case by observing they made themselves swine,
And danced his wine-measure; and, as you'll divine,

A 'reel' was the step for this hero!

But we'll now clear the floor of this bacchanal lot,
For, doubtless, as speedily weary they got
Of dancing, as we are of them,—are we not?

And no wonder that dancing should bore them,
Since they drank themselves first off their heads at their meals,
And danced themselves next off their legs in their reels,
The result of which game on their pegs, as one feels,
Was the 'one for his nob' and the 'two for his heels,'
Which, rapidly putting an end to the deals,

Thus for taking the floor would quite floor them.

2. THE EVOLUTIONS VICTORIAN.

Ho! room for the dancers who thread the gay maze
Of the stately court-dance in Victoria's days,
Where the long palace drawing-room all is a-blaze

With grand jewels the best and the rarest;

Where, better by far than the jewels and gold,
Is a Court which is cast in a different mould,
No Court could e'er boast of in periods old,
And where virtue domestic is foremost enrolled,

And the purest are counted the fairest.

Oh! long may the rule that is golden bear sway,
And distant—far distant indeed be the day
When the Court's purer atmosphere has to give way
For the slightest revival (to England's dismay)

Of the Regency's airs and dis-graces;

And long may all Britons, each husband and wife,
The example of all that's domestic in life,
With peace and with manifold blessings so rife,
See displayed in the highest of places.

Ho! room for the dancers—for duke and for earl,
For duchess and marchioness all in a whirl,
With gold-circled wrist and bediamonded curl,
And rich-bordered dresses, whereon by no churl

Was the glitter of bullion expended.

For a pen as unskilful as mine 'twere absurd
To attempt to describe the gay scene, on my word;
'T would fail ere it chronicled barely a third
Of the elegant toilets, laced, jewelled, and furred—
Of the forest of ostrich plumes gracefully stirred
When the fair heads were bowed at a compliment heard—
Of the uniforms varied, sashed, medalled, and spurred;—

To be brief, all the things that have ever concurred
 (As the brilliant Court Newsmen has often averred)
 When Court balls have been largely attended.

How far more imposing this courtly display
 Of peers, statesmen, soldiers, in gorgeous array
 Than the grandest of balls in the regular way

That the middle-class man has, poor varlet!
 Where Dick, Tom, and Harry, with Billy and Jack
 (And never a title to light up the pack)
 Enliven the scene with one uniform black,
 Instead of the uniform scarlet.

Oh! a splendid Court ball, with its costumes so gay,
 Is a scene from that gallery there to survey,
 Where the band of the Life Guards is playing away
 (As only the band of the Life Guards *can* play)—

Where the Life Guards are playing the Lancers!
 The sweet English beauties—the tropical blooms,
 The bouquet of fashion—the fragrant perfumes,
 The satins and silks from the choicest of looms,
 The rare Valenciennes, and the rich ostrich plumes
 (Not to mention the costly get-up of the rooms,
 And the numbers of liveried lackeys and grooms),

And the grandeur and grace of the dancers.
 And without in the Park is a sight, too, meanwhile
 (Enough to disturb a Republican's bile
 As deeply as if he had failed to 'strike ile').
 With a long line of carriages, mile upon mile,
 And the mountainous coachmen provoking a smile,
 And the footmen, with each a gold-lace-covered tile:
 And while these grand creatures their leisure beguile
 With pipes and pint-measures, regardless of style,
 What a champing of bits all adown the long file
 Of impatient and spirited prancers.

But, alas! now the Court doesn't dance as it did,
 For Royalty's sun long by clouds has been hid,
 And but seldom is England's nobility bid
 To a ball or a Court ceremonial.

Yet, we trust that the shadow will pass before long—
 That the land's Royal Heart will take heart and be strong,
 And move once again amid loyalty's throng.
 The check in our welfare it cannot be wrong
 To hope is a break—but a pause in the song,—
 And not a full stop colophonial.

For however the terribly pious brigade
 All balls may denounce as inventions but made
 In vanity, sin, and the Evil One's aid,
 That they do one great benefit can't be gainsaid,
 For every one knows they're a blessing to trade,

And by quickening of gold's circulation
 Confer a wide blessing that reaches the poor,
 Who always have very hard times to endure,
 But the hardest when bread is too dear to procure,

And the nation is only stag-nation.
 Not too high of my doctrine the tenor to pitch,
 I'll but say, 'Don't you listen to Mawworms and "sich,"'
 Who find a great ill and a terrible hitch
 In the worldly enjoyments surrounding the rich—
 For their pleasures are often mere duties the which
 To their fellows are due from their station.

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

By A PERIPATETIC.

BOOKS OF SUMMER TRAVEL.

NOW that the true holiday of the later summer has commenced, that the House is up, that the national family of tourists is 'scattered and peeled'—a text which seems to us appropriately to describe the condition of tourists—opportune enough we have just a little library before us of books of summer travel. We have books on Iceland and Norway—the very mention of them almost makes us cool in sultry weather—books on Russia, Switzerland, Venezuela, and what not. Those who travel will find these volumes admirable companions while investigating the localities of which they speak; and those who cannot travel may do the next best thing by the perusal of the works and the exercise of their imagination thereupon. We must give the place of honour to the charming and unaffected narrative issued by our fair countrywoman Lady Di Beauclerk.* It is written, she tells us, for her own personal friends, and we know how gladly it has been received by them; but the public at large will not fail to take an interest in these pleasant experiences.

The Duchess thought that Lady Di wanted a thorough change. Lady Di thought so too. So they went out to Norway accompanied only by their maid Teresina, an abigail, who, as the Irishman said, has earned a temporary immortality. They took quiet rooms at Aak, having to reach their bedrooms by a kind of ladder; and Teresina, 'fearless of consequences, came down with a rapidity worthy of a lamplighter and a carelessness of appearances only justified by the beauty of her boots.' It makes us truly envious to hear of Lady Di taking trout of fourteen pounds and salmon in abundance. It is very common for tourists to

run over to Norway for the summer; but the Duchess and her daughter signalized themselves by also staying through the winter. Till late in the season the weather was very pleasant, and they thought that the winter would never come—but it came at last, twenty degrees below freezing, and sledges, hoods, and furs were the order of the day. They got through the winter after the manner of sensible Englishwomen. They went into society. They kept a journal. They learned the language. They learned to skate, Lady Di persevering in spite of an awkward fall. They never passed a happier time in their lives; and Lady Di hopes that some of their acquaintances may be tempted from their journals to make a similar excursion. She has an excellent account of a Lutheran wedding, where the bride and bridegroom, who had entered the church very happy, were reduced to an appropriate state of misery by the preachments which they underwent. She has also a murder story, which is not only quite true, but, which is more to the purpose, is quite sensational. The little book bears throughout the traces of the energy, good sense, and grace, which Lady Di seems to have shown throughout her tour.

Mr. Lowth furnishes us with a volume of Russian experiences.* We hardly know whether in an age when Moscow is almost as well known as any other metropolitan city, Mr. Lowth has not presumed too much on the ignorance of his readers. At the same time it is hardly possible that he can have devoted a whole volume to Moscow without telling us something fresh or putting old things in a fresh point of view. About the Kremlin,

* 'A Summer and Winter in Norway. By Lady Di Beauclerk. Illustrated by the Author's Sketches.' Murray.

* 'Around the Kremlin; or, Pictures of Life at Mo-cow.' By G. T. Lowth, Esq. Hurst and Blackett.

the Troitzia Convent, the Foundling Hospital, and so on, our readers have doubtless heard quite enough, and it is less in these than in his chance sketches of contemporary manners that Mr. Lowth will interest them. Since 1856 there has been a marked change in Russia, chiefly through the extension of the railway system. At that date travellers were obliged to carry their own beds with them, but now the beds are brought all the way from Paris by way of Berlin or St. Petersburg. The fair of Nijni Novgorod is not the thing that it used to be. The attendance has fallen off by about a hundred thousand. The merchants now send their vendors or their agents without going themselves. As Mr. Lowth went there by the train his fellow-passengers, both ladies and gentlemen, were smoking and drinking tea all the way. The account of the fair is written with great liveliness. The fishmongers at Novgorod have floating houses on the river, where they keep in wells for the gourmands among their customers the royal sturgeon and the luscious sterlet. They dined at the grand restaurant. 'The sterlet soup was admirable—sterlet, that diamond of the Volga, cynosure of gourmand eyes—declared to be only eaten in its highest flavour and condition on the banks of its native water.' Mr. Lowth went to see the water-boxes in which the live sturgeon and sterlet were kept under lock and key. These were wide dark pools roofed in; the attendant, with a net, brought up a sturgeon for exhibition that weighed a hundred and twenty pounds. He tells a good story about ringing the great sacred bell at Nijni. Novelists are very fond of an incident of this sort. Mr. McDonald employs it in his eminently thoughtful novel of 'Robert Falconer,' and the late Mr. Smedley cooked up a similar incident in his popular story of 'Lewis Arundel.' Mr. Lowth gives a perfectly authentic story. An Englishman swung the clapper of the big bell and produced a deep boom. The populace immediately supposed that the church was on fire or that help was wanted in the citadel for some political object. The keeper of

the tower advised them to escape for their lives. As they left the building they met the populace pouring forth, but they managed to evade inquiries and to escape from the town.

Mr. Lowth gives us some curious information respecting the working of the system of the abolition of serfdom. He once heard a discussion concerning the comparative profligacy of the nobility of different countries. After much discussion, the dark pre-eminence was awarded to the Russian nobles. With power over the property, the persons, the lives of serfs, the Russian noble showed Tartar ferocity varnished over with a thin veneer of civilization. We have here a curious instance of this departed absolutism. The manager of an estate reported to his lord that the serf population did not increase as might be expected. The lord ordered the young men and the girls to be arranged in parallel lines and to be married off at once two and two. When some of the girls refused, an order was marked down against them that they were never to be allowed to marry at all. The property of the serf in law belonged to the master, but after the emancipation it was discovered that an immense body of serfs possessed property in houses and land, and even owned parts of the village and held mortgages over the lands of their former masters. Moscow is said to have a circuit of twenty miles; but far more even than this greatness is the strong hold which it has taken upon the minds and imagination of men from that patriotic conflagration which preserved the Russian empire and broke the yoke of the Gallic conqueror. There is an interesting article in the current number of the 'Edinburgh,' on the 'Modern Russian Drama.' Mr. Lowth apparently illustrates the reviewer's remarks that 'very few of the travellers who every year flit through St. Petersburg and Moscow take the trouble to visit the theatres devoted to these cities to the national drama.' The popular dramatist Ostrovskago is pre-eminently the dramatist of Moscow life, and it is in his pages—of

which some excellent specimens are given in the 'Edinburgh'—that we find the truest view of life Around the Kremlin.'

Mr. Eastwick* went out to Venezuela on what subsequently proved to be the very disagreeable business of a Venezuelan loan. His book divides itself into two portions, one of which is naturally lively, and the other is only of the dead-lively kind. His travelling sketches are exceedingly amusing, but his monetary experiences are mournful and a bore. Mr. Eastwick was our Secretary of Legation at the court of Persia, and the author of that valuable work 'Murray's Handbook of India.' He thus relates the circumstances that took him out to Venezuela:—

'On the 7th of June, 1864, I was asked to go to Venezuela as Financial Commissioner for the "General Credit Company." The appointment was offered, in the first instance, to Lord Hobart, and on his declining it, to me. The terms were liberal. All my expenses were to be paid, and I was to receive one thousand pounds for three months, reckoning from the day of embarkation. But the pleasure of seeing a new country, and learning a new language, and the experience of financial transactions I should gain in such a mission were to me still stronger inducements to accept it. Besides, curiously enough, Mr. Cobden had been talking to me at the end of June about a certain matter, and, after expressing his sympathy, had ended by saying, "Why don't you go to the City? They will treat you better there." So, taking his words as a *Sors Virgiliana*, I accepted the commissionership at once, purchased a pile of Spanish books, imbibed a draught of the pure Castilian stream daily, in the shape of a lesson from Dr. Altschul, glanced at, and put aside for complete deglutition on board the steamer a huge *tasne* of papers, and on the 17th of June found myself *en route* for St. Thomas in the "Atrato," com-

* 'Venezuela; or, Sketches of Life in a South American Republic.' By Edward B. Eastwick, C.B., F.R.S. Chapman and Hall.

manded by the ill-fated Captain Woolley.'

There is much that is amusing in Mr. Eastwick's narrative. There are some rattling good stories of that Mexican type to which the public has been accustomed and rather likes. He took out with him thirty thousand sovereigns, and everybody, not unnaturally, considered himself entitled to cheat a man with thirty thousand sovereigns. Venezuela of course means 'little Venice,' a name which is odd enough for a land 'which now comprehends a forest larger than France, steppes like those of Gotn, and mountain tracts which it would take many Switzerland to match.' It got its name because the first Spaniards found the Indians living in huts on piles in the lake. Mr. Eastwick talks much more about pretty girls than we should have thought perfectly becoming the dignity of a profound financier. He illustrates the increasing taste, as exemplified by Mr. Winwoode Reade, for interesting female niggers. A visitor came to see him, and we find him thus discoursing: 'The women are all left alone, and can indulge in any amount of flirtation they like. Now, mark me; the white creoles live at this end of the street, near the Plaza; lower down we shall come to the *triguemas* or "brunettes;" and beyond these we shall find *mulattos* and *mestizas*, and we shall finish up with some beauties of a downright black, who are not so much to be despised as you would imagine.' He introduces his friend Mr. Haywood to a young lady called Erminia, and we have the commencement of a promising love story, which is prematurely terminated by yellow fever in the one case and a convent in the other. Erminia is thus described: 'She was just eighteen, a little above the middle height, but looked taller from her perfect symmetry; a cloud of shining black ringlets fell on her ivory shoulders. Her face was oval, her complexion fair, a little too colourless, perhaps, but, in revenge, her lips were red and pouting, and disclosed, when she smiled, teeth of such dazzling whiteness that they seemed to flash as gems; but the

most attractive feature of her face was her immense black eyes, fringed with long silky eyelashes.' This sort of thing is not so bad. We see that even financial commissioners are susceptible of human weakness. We might even go further, and, in the language of the elderly Weller, criticising his son's valentine, submit that it is 'wering on the poetical.' We become conscious of a fall in life when we descend from what we believe is called the 'luscious' style of writing to prosaic statements respecting the loan. For, alas! the government of Venezuela dropped paying the interest, and ultimately adopted the glorious policy of repudiation, to the great detriment of the General Credit Company. Mr. Eastwick devotes a great part of his work to proving that the Venezuelan resources are enormous if they were only properly developed, and that the Venezuelan government ought to be compelled to develop their resources and pay off their just debts. The misfortune is that industry and statesmanship are not things to be brought about by a process of foreign compulsion. We sincerely hope that Mr. Eastwick did not invest his thousand pounds in Venezuelan bonds.

A book upon Iceland!* one that is highly appropriate at a time when we are thinking of putting ourselves into ice, as the simplest refrigerating process that can be suggested. Mr. Barnard, who has a great weakness for northern latitudes, has translated the book from the Swedish of Professor Pajkull. The great fault that we have to object to these gentlemen is that they are morbidly anxious to improve our minds. Now we don't want to improve our minds this hot weather. Our minds become entirely merged in their sweltering external cases. Ice is a glorious subject to contemplate, and Iceland may enjoy a reflected measure of credit, but mental improvement must be postponed to a period of bodily improvement. For people

* 'A Summer in Iceland.' By C. W. Pajkull, Professor of Geology at the University of Upsala. Translated by the Rev. M. R. Barnard. Chapman and Hall.

who are making a yacht voyage to Iceland—which is not a bad notion—this work will be indispensable; and when the short evenings set in, the work, which is replete with accurate observations and lively description, may be advantageously perused by all of us. Next comes Elihu Burritt's 'Walks in the Black country and its Green Border Land.' We have no objections to the Green Border Land, protesting, however, against the notion of walking; but the perusal of this book only confirms our impression that the 'Black Country' is a district to be diligently avoided. Elihu Burritt is famous, we believe, for walking a tremendous number of miles, and knowing a fabulous number of languages. He was also a 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' we believe, or something of that kind; a 'self-educated man,' a race which as a rule we find to be positive, vulgar, and objectionable; to whom therefore Mr. Burritt stands in remarkable contrast. He has had the good taste to fall in love with the young Countess of Dudley, like the rest of his neighbours; and his descriptions—we would especially mention that of Lichfield—are pleasantly and vigorously done. We have also to note the completion of Mr. Ball's important work on Switzerland, by the publication of his third volume (Longmans). Mr. Ball is another tremendous man for walking. It is a mere trifle for him to pass the Simplon or Gothard in a summer's day. We are afraid to say how often he has traversed the principal passes and the lateral passes. Of course he has been President of the Alpine Club, and all that sort of thing. His work, however, is of too scientific a character ever to supersede the familiar 'Murray' and Bedeker. Its effect, however, is to suggest the immediate propriety of packing up and going to Switzerland. Her Gracious Majesty has shown us the way, and her loyal subjects cannot do better than follow her example.

ADVENTURES.

It is a saying of Mr. Disraeli's, with the truth and point of a pro-

* Sampson Low and Co.

verb about it, 'Adventures to the adventurous.' Another clever writer tells us that life without a spice of adventure or romance is not worth living. There comes a time of life to most of us when we really do not care about adventures or romance. They would disturb the routine of our lives; they would interrupt our engagements; they would constitute a disturbing element in an even and well-ordered life. But there is also a time of life when adventures are very sweet. If a man is truly adventurous he is at no loss for adventures, for if they do not come he makes them. There are few old men who cannot tell of adventures when they were young, although such adventures grow very thin and bare with us when we are old.

Yet human life being such as it is, with so much that is odd, incongruous, and uncertain happening in it, it must needs happen that adventure cannot altogether be eliminated from any stage of life. If a middle-aged man tumbles off his horse, or has his pocket picked, or is garrotted, or catches cold, I suppose he may call that an adventure; and after a certain age this mild sort of circumstance is taken as the equivalent to such. But society about and around us may all the time be teeming with the elements of adventure. One reason is that we all become much too busy to care for such things. Another reason is that men very much lose the faculty of observation. They move so much in a groove that they are unable to recognize any aberration from that groove. They cannot discern any opening for adventures, and they could not, or would not use them if they did discern such. They are unable to discern the special character of incidents, and would be surprised to hear that some transaction of which they were witnesses had, in truth, any character of romance or adventure about it.

A middle-aged man told me the other day that he never yet witnessed on a railway anything that partook of the character of an adventure. He must have been unobservant, I think. Adventures of this kind are not very uncommon

on railways. Some of these adventures, I grant, are not at all of a cheering description. The other day a man was journeying in the west of England, and he was talking a long time with two very gentlemanly men who were travelling with him in the same compartment of a first-class carriage. Suddenly he became insensible. He next found himself lying on the floor of a waiting-room of a wayside station. They told him at the station that two gentlemen had been obliged to put him out because he was so intoxicated. The gentlemen, however, had eased him of his watch, purse, and valise. It is not unusual to be travelling with a sick man or a lunatic. On several occasions, on arriving at a station, I have been taken aside by some fellow-passenger who has thought it his duty to inform me that he was in charge of a lunatic. I met a man once who had been travelling with a violent lunatic, held down in the carriage by two keepers. The poor fellow had lately come into a large fortune. It was too much for him. He was unable to sleep for days and days, and went raving mad. Only the very day that my friend made his remark some curious circumstances came under my notice, which certainly had a colouring of romance or something worse about them. A lady got into a carriage, we will say at Newton Junction. She was rather an elegant and handsome woman, aged about five-and-twenty. A spectacled gentleman placed her in the carriage, with a very abstruse and absent expression of countenance. He talked to her about her plans, evidently speaking with some degree of influence and authority; and I heard her say that she was going to stay for three or four weeks with her aunt at Exeter. After a chaste and sedate salute they parted. He had scarcely moved away from the carriage door when a young man entered, and as soon as the train was in motion began speaking with his companion, being evidently on the most familiar terms. He said to her, 'We will get out at Teignmouth, and catch the express to Torquay.' At Teignmouth they

got out, evidently in pursuance of the expressed intention of getting back to Torquay. That is to say, the lady would have to traverse again all the ground which she had just passed over from Newton. It was quite clear, first, that she had found a companion altogether unknown to the spectacled gentleman; secondly, that she had told the spectacled gentleman a deliberate falsehood in stating that she was going to Exeter; thirdly, that, in point of fact, she was going, under questionable circumstances, to Torquay, proving that the journey in the Exeter direction was simply a feint. The circumstances were certainly noticeable, though an unobservant man might not have noticed them. Such as they are they are very much at the service of sensation novelists or of private detectives.

It is an awkward thing when you meet an agreeable man, and make some progress towards intimacy with him, to hear of him next in a condition of penal servitude. A man I know met a fine, manly fellow in a romantic district of Wales. They boated and climbed mountains together, and altogether he proved a very interesting and agreeable fellow, one, moreover, who had travelled in many parts of the world with an observant eye. A year afterwards this fine fellow was arrested on the charge of scuttling a ship, and got a long sentence of penal servitude. I remember dining once with an elderly gentleman with whose parental and even patriarchal demeanour I was strongly impressed. The dinner was excellent, the wines old, and the stories new. He was surrounded by a charming family; and the landscape was perfect in its beauty and repose. And yet all the while this man was surrounded with the elements of passion and tragedy, and got some female accomplice to personate a lady at the bank, and make the transfer of a large sum of money. One day a friend of mine was walking along a quiet square, and a man came flying through the air, smashing through the drawing-room window into the street below. He assured me of the credibility of this

odd transaction, and said he was never able to clear it up. One morning I found a relative in my rooms whom I certainly had not left there the night before. He explained then that just as he was turning from my door he met a man with a ladder. He borrowed the ladder, and climbed up to the drawing-room. I hope no burglar will ever meet with a friendly lender of ladders.

The tourist frequently meets with a share of adventures. The peripatetic philosopher has necessarily had his experiences. How disgusted I was, when, having worked through a difficult country to see a fine house and its famous gardens, to hear that the proprietor had changed his mind, and did not now intend that visitors should be permitted to make any inspection of his property. I begin indignantly to consider that a man has no right, as it were, to keep Nature under lock and key. While I was smarting under this injurious treatment I went to see another great show-place in the same county. The owner, a man of high mark in the world, detected the chance tourist, and showed him every polite attention. He was just on the point of going abroad—the horses were champing at the gate—but his servants would show me every point in the Abbey and its grounds, and his mother would be very glad if I would take lunch with them afterwards. In constantly moving about we are pretty safe for a frequent repetition of pleasant adventures. We are thrown into chance intimacies with worthy people, and ordinary barriers being withdrawn, within a few days friendships ripen into the intimacy of years. It does not last long, more's the pity, but it is so pleasant while it lasts! You soon approach the point of departure. One is going to the mountains, and the other to the seaboard. One is going from the Lombard plain to cross the Alps, and another is going on to explore the old-world cities of Italy. But we often look back upon that pleasant influence, and how glad we are when by some happy chance it is renewed! One day when I was staying by the shores of a small Italian lake, I was told that

a visitor wanted to see me. It was a charming English lad, covered with the dust and soil of travel, who was in much tribulation. He had spent or lost all his money in some great city, and in great terror he had journeyed to me, with whom he had passed some pleasant days not long before (happening to have my address), to ask me to help him. He was so thoroughly a gentleman, and had such a good and happy expression in his face, that any chance traveller or even any hotel-keeper would be happy to assist him. In his ignorance, however, he had never thought of opening his case to any stranger, and had come on to the only Englishman whose whereabouts he knew in that part of the country, and I felt truly grateful to him for giving me the preference. He spent a few days with me, and we then passed the Alps together, and when we came to Zurich he found ample remittances awaiting him, and he acquitted himself of his trifling obligations to me.

Adventures at the seaside will not be at all uncommon this summer season. As a rule we English are an unsocial people, and every kind of amalgamation is a difficult operation. I have known people who would really very much like to be acquainted with each other continue on terms of icy indifference for six weeks at a stretch, and only become acquainted the night before one of them was going away. It is very amusing to watch very young people. They would be very glad to be acquainted, but they are sensitive, they are shy, and they would not for worlds be suspected of such a wish. Yet they exchange that immemorial 'side-long glance' on the sands, the river, the promenade. At last—happy chance—some common friend brings them together to a picnic at the Castle, or they travel together on the same public conveyance to visit some Devil's Bridge or waterfall. And the social ice once broken, the new friendship progresses all the more rapidly and valuably from the preliminary difficulties which so long hindered its development. The good old British

custom of sweetheating commences, and in after years honest couples will talk of the pleasant adventures which drew them together at the seaside.

THE WRITINGS OF M. FIGUIER.*

We are aware that a considerable prejudice exists in some scientific circles against the writings of M. Figuiet. The style is popular, the authorship somewhat mixed, the treatment not always scientific, the pictures too sensational in character. But it all depends on the point of view in which we regard these publications. If these books are addressed to scientific readers, then we think that their character is inadequate and unsatisfactory. But if the object be to elicit and foster a love of natural science among general readers, we think that this series is admirably adapted for the purpose. There is no better instrument for mental culture than natural science; and in days when exact science is not in much request among fashionable readers—when a certain levity and frivolity of mind abound more than ever among the young—when we are told that solid thought and knowledge are at a decided discount everywhere—we cannot regret any tempting and attractive form in which natural science is brought before the public. We own that there is some foundation for the charge of sensationalism which is brought against the series. But *O si sic omnia*. If some common ground must be found between scientific books and sensational novels before the two classes of readers so represented can amalgamate, we are well content that the sensational element of science should be brought out. There is such an element. As Mr. Tennyson speaks of the 'fairy tales of science,' so there is a sensational element in science; and the presence of this element may lead a careless reader to the lessons of order, beauty, and peace found in Nature, and also that

* 'The Insect World. The Vegetable World. The Ocean World. The World before the Flood, &c.' By Louis Figuiet. Chapman and Hall.

abstruser learning and exact knowledge which belong to her processes.

But it would be a very unfair and inadequate representation of M. Fiquier's writings simply to comment on these mixed elements of popularity. They have large independent merits of their own. The range of information is immense. The scientific treatment is in the main good, and both the artist's and the poet's eye is indicated by the method in which scientific truth is presented. The wealth of pictorial illustration which accompanies these pages is enormous. The drawings, indeed, are not always exact; and if we went fully into detail a considerable amount of criticism might be brought to bear upon such details. But it would be impossible to criticize the details of a series of works which now possess almost an encyclopaedic character. They are not works which will satisfy the critical taste of the *savant*, but they will meet the want of the *sachant*. They occupy a place of their own, and satisfy a real need in the special requirements of our very peculiar age.

ON DYSPEPSIA.

It was the keen saying of Voltaire's that physicians were required to work a miracle, namely, to reconcile health with intemperance. Perhaps this goes far to account for the immense amount of talk which we hear at the present day about dyspepsia. We are in an age which almost resembles the Lower Empire in the degree to which men have brought the art of high feeding. It must be owned, however—such are the inequalities of fate in this life—that some men who can dine voraciously seem to possess metallic interiors, and some poor, thin eaters cannot take chicken broth without suffering tortures. Dr. Chambers says that one day a patient came to him complaining that he felt where his stomach was and knew where his food went to. And the patient was right. He had business to be alarmed. No healthy man ought to be conscious of the existence of his

digestive organs. The perception of this fact might be the simplest form of derangement, but it might lead up to the most serious consequences. Indigestion is always chronic, and often dangerous, and frequently passes into a most painful and obscure state of disease. The late Sir F. Slade, writing, as one of the last acts of his life, to the present Bishop of Bath and Wells, said that he was suffering from what the doctors called indigestion but he called the pains of hell. Some of our readers may be acquainted with the Life of the last Earl of Aberdeen, where the narrative of his fatal illness of dyspepsia occupies so prominent a place. It terminated in extreme atrophy and disorder of the nerves, and indeed presented features which were quite inexplicable to the physicians.

Now in this day of hard work and intense excitement, men cannot ruminate gently and quietly after their refection, and so they become dyspeptic. And though their dyspepsia may not be so serious as in the cases we have indicated, it is quite enough to make them utterly gloomy and unhappy. Great generals have lost their battles, and great lawyers have lost their cases because they have committed some indiscretion in their diet on the eve of a momentous issue. And in our everyday life, every man who registers or even notes his passing mental and bodily moods, finds out, often with infinite dissatisfaction, how much he is at the mercy of outward events. A thick gloom settles on a man's mind. He thinks all bad things of all men. His health is failing, his bank is breaking, his wife is not to him what she used to be, his daughter has made a most imprudent engagement, his theological opinions assume the severest type, the country generally speaking is going to the dogs, because there has not been enough oil in the salad, or there has been too much in the *entremets*. And when a little rest and treatment have set a man perfectly to rights, he suddenly gets a span of felicity, and all things bear that aspect of goodness and beauty which they ought to bear to

the man of sane mind and body. But frequently it happens that a man is unable exactly to spot the malady under which he suffers; he does not know, indeed, whether it be of the mind or of the body, and he settles down into a morose and evil-conditioned being who feels very uncomfortable, and is a source of exceeding discomfort to all around him.

Of late years an extraordinary impetus has been given to the study of medicine. The advance has been immense, and perhaps hardly duly noted, in medicine, considered both as a science and as an art, both in its principles and in its facts. The old problem, *dato morbo quaeritur remedium*, was never more incessantly agitated than is the case at the present time. Dyspepsia has received at least its full meed of attention. A very curious incident greatly facilitated the study of the subject. There was a man called Alexis St. Charles, who, in consequence of a gunshot injury received in early life, had a free communication between the abdomen and the outside of the body. A series of observations, many of them possessing a very high degree of value, have been made through him on digestion. We have now before us three different works of great value recently published on the subject.* On literary grounds we first mention Dr. Chambers' work, which is a very intelligible and exceedingly animated book. He has thrown a strong personal interest into an immense number of his cases, written with clear caustic description and often very dramatically set forth. Dr. Habershon's work is remarkable for its grasp of broad, philosophical principles; indeed, we are not sure that an excessive love of generalization has not rather misled this accomplished and thoughtful author; but, as St. Paul says, 'we

speak as a fool,' and do not venture, *à cathedra*, to criticise his medical reasoning. Dr. Pavy's work, we need hardly say, is of a highly careful and scientific character. All these writers, in fact, are distinguished by that accurate observation, that careful induction of facts, and that spirit, both penetrating and most humane, which reflect such endless honour upon medical science.

It is of no use our entering upon obscure cases that would require, what we cannot give, abstruse medical discussion, or those cases in which suffering is not blended with any obvious blame or cause on the side of the patient. Dr. Chambers, however, has a chapter, exceedingly instructive and amusing, on 'Habits of Social Life leading to Indigestion,' from which some interesting matter may be culled. It is not the case, as he points out to us, that dyspepsia is always connected with 'the remorse of a guilty stomach.' He points out some very bad cases which have arisen from abstinence. Fasting is not so common as feasting, but still it is not uncommon. Partly the old mediæval notion of fasting still lingers even in an exaggerated shape, and partly there is a heresy abroad that abstinence is a cure for every ill. It is hardly too much to say that every medical man, being necessarily brought at some time or other into contact with the extreme poor, knows how much indigestion is produced by enforced abstinence. Dr. Chambers mentions the case of one clergyman who, for a whole year, lived upon bread and water, and of another whose whole notion of the connection between the soul and the body was that the latter should be knocked down and kept down. It required a whole year's rest, with plenty of quinine and strychnia, before the latter gentleman was fit to do his duty in the state of life to which he had been called. He mentions a case in which excess of eating rose from excess of virtue. 'I was requested to visit a lady past middle life who, when I entered her library, certainly looked the picture of robust bloom. "Dr. Chambers," said she, "what is a

* 'The Indigestions,' &c. By Thomas King Chambers, M.D. Churchill. (Second Edition.)

'On Diseases of the Stomach, Varieties of Dyspepsia,' &c. By S. O. Habershon, M.D. Hardwick.

'A Treatise on the Functions of Digestion.' By F. W. Pavy, M.D.

British matron to do who habitually eats too much?" The question suggested the shortest of replies. "Ay, it's very easy for you to say 'Don't!' but if I didn't, I should be a widow in a week. You know how old and infirm Lord C—— is. He has always been used to feed highly, and if I cut the dinner short or did not encourage him by my example, it would be his death." The interesting patient was furnished with a dinner-pill of as much niceness as it is the nature of a pill to admit. Dr. Chambers meets the case of over-eating by the excellent advice of advising people to make frequent and light meals. There is something almost sensational in the way in which he describes the case of a patient who could not be persuaded to surrender his love of a hearty dinner, although he clearly perceived the true pathology of his case. The doctor had a letter from the son, saying that his father had eaten heartily of an indigestible dinner, and lay back in his chair dead. Dr. Chambers has some strong things to say on the subject of tight lacing. He saw a beautiful face where the beauty was notoriously helped by art. Hiram Powers was there; and the artist necessarily knows anatomy. "I want to know," said Hiram Powers, "where Lady—— puts her liver?" To the knowing artist anything that harms the health must be a hindrance to beauty.

There is a great deal that can be gathered from these medical works. The fact is insisted on how important it is that men should retain simple and refined tastes even in the busiest period of life, that they may have resources within themselves when their active career is

over. On the one hand, a great diplomatist has so much freshness of mind that he begins to learn Italian at sixty; and on the other hand, a great physician can only moodily look upon the trees in his park and declare his conviction that he will one day hang himself from one of them. When a man's mind is thus ill-furnished he is at the mercy of his gastronomic tastes and of the dyspeptic fears which may thence result either in fancy or reality. Some of the practical hints given cannot fail to be useful. We have the usual medical denunciations of tobacco and snuff-taking, and also of the excessive use of tea, which may be at least equally pernicious. We are advised that it is best to dine cheerfully and leisurely; and this is one of the best arguments for frequent dinner parties. There are also hints which will be useful in the leisure time of the year to muscular Christians, and especially to that important subdivision of them, the Alpine climbers. Certain types of disease assume a prevalence at particular epochs, and dyspepsia and gout, the lashes which our pleasant vices make for themselves, are especially prevalent in an age in which gastronomic science has reached its culminating point. What men need most to understand is the connection between mind and body; the fact that if we overfeed the body and underfeed the mind there will be a vengeance exacted for either error; and that we need to understand the nature of the organization which should be our servant and not our master, and appreciate the benign effects of simplicity and repose, and those old fashions, so often unduly discredited, of temperance and self-denial.

NEWGATE MARKET.

TO describe the work-a-day aspect of a locality devoted to one of the most prosaic of occupations, with a view to amuse as well as to enlighten the general reader, is at all times a difficult task; but it is hoped that the interest which most of us feel concerning aught that

relates to the supply of material for the exercise of our knives and forks, may excuse any shortcomings in a general account of the source from which the metropolis and the surrounding district draw their main supplies of flesh-meat. And while it is felt that such a sketch

may of itself be sufficiently interesting to justify its publication in these pages, it is also hoped that it will possess additional value hereafter, when Newgate Market, superseded by the metropolitan meat and poultry markets now fast approaching completion in Smithfield, shall have become a thing of the past.

The precise period at which the fleshers of bygone days first congregated in this particular locality is uncertain; but it is clear that the meat trade has been largely carried on in the immediate neighbourhood of the present market for the past five hundred years, for in the fourteenth century the street now known as King Edward Street, on the north side of Newgate Street, was called Butcher Hall Lane on account of the great number of butchers living there, and, as Mr. Timbs tells us in his 'Curiosities of London,' there is extant a very sensible petition to Parliament, dated 1380, praying that they might be restrained from throwing their offal into the river Fleet, and compelled to 'kill' at 'Knyghtsbrigg,' or elsewhere out of London. The market itself was originally held in Newgate Street, and was at first a market, not for meat, but for meal, and the 'Grey Friars' Chronicle,' quoted by Mr. Timbs, informs us, under date 1548, that 'this yere before Alhalloutyd was sett up the howse for the markyt folke in Newgate Market for to waye melle in.' A century later, however, Newgate Market was the recognised *locale* of the meat trade; and as the account given of it in Strype's edition of Stow's 'Survey of London' is precise and in many respects interesting, it may not be out of place to insert it here:—

* *Newgate Market*, before the late dreadful Fire of London, was kept in *Newgate street*; where there was a Market-house only for Meal, and a middle Row of Sheds, which afterwards were converted into Houses, and inhabited by Butchers, Tripe-sellers, &c. And the Country People which brought Provisions to the City were forced to stand with their Stalls in the open Street; to the Damage of their Goods, and Danger of their Persons, by the Coaches, Carts, Horses, and Cattle, that passed through the Street. But since the nominating of convenient Places in the City for public Markets, by Act of Parliament, which appoints the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and

Commoners to appoint proper Places, they have found out a most convenient Place for this Market, and near adjoining; being situate between *Newgate street* on the North, and *Paternoster Row* on the South; and between *Warwick lane* on the West, and *Ivy lane* on the East. The greatest part of which Market is in this Ward,* and the other part in *Castle Baynard's Ward*.

'The Market-place is a square piece of Ground, which is inclosed with fair Houses, built according to the second Rate of Building. In the middle of the Market-place, which is 148 Foot broad from North to South, and 190 Foot long from East to West, there is erected a spacious Market-house, in form of a Cross, standing upon Twenty-four Pillars or Columns, and ascended up into the Market-house, by two or three broad stone Steps at all the Entrances. Under this Market-house are Vaults or Cellars; and over it several Rooms for the storage of the Fruiterers, and other Goods, in the Night; and over all a fair Cupulo, or Bell Tower. This Market-house is made use of for Fruit, Herbs, &c. And round about it, at a convenient distance, are Stalls for Butchers; as are Stalls also by the sides of the Houses, for Butchers and Poulterers. This Market is very well served with all Sorts of Butchers' Meat, and Poulterers' Ware; also with Fruit, Herbs, Butter, Eggs, &c. The passages into this Market, are, out of *Newgate street* through *Rose street*, which is broad, but short; well built, and inhabited by Butchers and Fishmongers. Another out of *Warwick lane*, through *White Hart street*, but short also; inhabited by the like Tradesmen. Another out of *Paternoster Row*, through a short Alley. And two others out of *Ivy lane*.'

This description of the approaches to the market will serve as well now as it did three hundred years ago; the 'square piece of ground' on which the market proper stands being divided into four tolerably equal portions by two thoroughfares running north and south and east and west respectively, the former being a continuation of Rose Street to the alley leading into Paternoster Row, and the latter the extension of Duke's Head Passage (on the east side of Ivy Lane) to White Hart Street, which runs into Warwick Lane. Besides the four outlets thus formed there is also (as mentioned by Strype) a second alley, known as the Three Tuns Passage, leading from Ivy Lane to the north-east corner of the market, which is still 'incompassed with fair houses, built according to the second rate of building,' though they are doubtless more dingy in appearance than those that in Strype's time were

* Farrington Within.

really 'fair' to look upon in comparison with the ancient and dilapidated dwellings destroyed by the Great Fire, and are, for manifold reasons, not sufficiently agreeable as residences to induce the more prosperous salesmen to make their places of business identical with their homes. The 'spacious market-house in form of a cross' is gone long ago, but the centre of the market is still rented chiefly by poulterers, the meat salesmen for the most part occupying the alleys which divide the market and that which runs around it. The adjacent streets are also mainly filled with the shops of salesmen; and, indeed, the whole neighbourhood is redolent of this important trade, which was carried on in Newgate Street before the time when the great king-maker lodged in Warwick Lane, with an imposing retinue of six hundred retainers. An appropriate neighbourhood, indeed, for such a lodgment; for we are told that in his house 'there was oftentimes six oxen eaten at a breakfast, and every tavern was full of his meat; for he that had any acquaintance in that house might have there so much of sodden and roast meat as he could prick and carry on a long dagger.'

Newgate Market obtains its name from its site being originally in the immediate neighbourhood of one of the principal gates of the City, erected between Ealders-gate and Lud-gate, about the reign of Henry I., and called New-gate, because, as Stow says, it was 'latelier built than the rest.' Although, doubtless, the name was then appropriate enough, it became a misnomer long before the gate itself disappeared, even as at Paris what is now the oldest bridge in the city was from its erection destined to be always known as the Pont Neuf, both being instances of the absurdity of giving to public works names which have only a temporary application. The centre portion of the market is the property and under the control of the Corporation of London, to whom it was conveyed by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's in 1749, for forty years,

at the rate of 4*l.* per annum, and has since been so held, this merely nominal sum being still, we believe, paid as a ground-rent to the Dean and Chapter for property which now yields an enormous income. The shops in the several surrounding alleys are, however, private property, some being freehold, and are held, generally speaking, on long leases by the salesmen.

The regulations of the market are framed by the Corporation, but the trade is carried on with the utmost freedom from all restrictions, except such as are necessary for the welfare of the commonality. Restrictions on trade and monopolies in trade died together long ago, and a healthier system of traffic has now become so general in most civilized countries that our legislature would never dream of enacting, 'for the great commodity of the realme,' such laws as were passed in the middle of the sixteenth century, although at that time they doubtless put a check on much dishonest bartering. The gossiping but trustworthy authority already quoted writes:—

'It appeareth of Record, that in the Yeere 1531 the Rippers of Rie and other Places sold their fresh Fish in *Leaden Hall* Market, upon Cornhill; but forsaunge Butchers were not admitted there to sell Flesh, till the Yeere 1537. And shortly after it was enacted, that the said Butchers and others should sell their Beef and Mutton by Weight; to wit, Beef not above a halfe penny the pound; and Mutton, halfe penny halfe farthing. Which Act being devised for the great commodity of the Realme (as it was then thought), hath since proved farre otherwise: For before that time, a fat Oxe was sold at London for 26*s.* 8*d.* at the most; a fat Weather for 3*s.* 4*d.*; a fat Calfe the like Price; a fat Lambe for 12*d.* Pieces of Beef weighed two pounds and a halfe at the least; yea, three pound or better, for a penny, on every Butcher's Stall in this Citty; and of those pieces of Beef thirteen or fourteen for twelve pence; fat Mutton for eight pence the Quarter, and one hundred weight of Beef for 4*s.* 8*d.* at the dearest.'

Stow also tells us that at the time of this enactment 'the number of butchers in the citie and suburbs was accounted sixe score, of which every one killed 6 oxen a peece weekly'; at the present day the number has probably increased fifty-fold.

To see Newgate Market at its palmiest period, namely in mid-winter, it is necessary to be up, not

to say with the lark, for that would be inappropriate both to the place and to the season, but between four and five in the morning. If a resident in the suburbs, you may proceed in a cab ordered over night (and therefore strongly flavoured with esprit de hay and bouquet de cabman, who has probably passed the small hours therein) as far as Newgate, where it will be as well to alight and look about you. Throughout the entire length of Newgate Street you will find the thoroughfare almost blocked, especially on the southern side, by an assemblage of vehicles concerned in the traffic of the adjacent market—the lumbering waggons of the great railway and steamboat companies moving away with their first instalments of empty hampers, which by this time (five or half-past) have been collected from the shops of the various salesmen; with the carts of butchers, jobbers, and others, of all shapes, sizes, and conditions, waiting for the return of their owners with their morning's purchases; and here and there the smart 'trap' of a thriving contractor or the cosy brougham of a prosperous salesman, who, mindful of rheumatism, wisely expends some of the money gained by the energy of his earlier days on the personal comfort to which advancing age may properly lay claim. Hours before this, however, the market has been busy, for in winter time the meat begins to arrive soon after midnight (by one o'clock certainly), and continues to pour in in one unbroken stream until seven or eight in the morning; although, in order to be in time for the best of the market, it ought not to reach the salesman later than six o'clock, as by that time the largest and best buyers are completing their purchases and thinking of returning home. It would be useless to particularize any cities or towns as the sources from which Newgate Market receives its daily supplies, as these would include places in all parts of the United Kingdom. Scotland is a very large contributor, Aberdeen alone sending many hundreds of carcasses weekly throughout the greater part of the year; and the

total weekly supply is not less than ten million pounds. As an example of the extent of the consignments when the trade is at its heaviest, it may be stated that in the week previous to Christmas last, upwards of 300 tons of dead meat were conveyed to Newgate Market by the Great Eastern Railway alone, the Great Northern probably furnished about the same quantity, and the Midland about 200 tons, the North Western and other trunk lines also contributing supplies commensurate with the extent of their systems and the nature of the districts through which they pass. And it should be borne in mind that in addition to this Newgate Market ultimately receives a large share of the live stock sent to the Metropolitan Cattle Market, which in December last consisted of upwards of 22,000 beasts, 92,000 sheep, 900 calves, and 1,800 pigs: in the first quarter of the present year the average monthly supply was about 18,000 beasts and 99,000 sheep, besides calves and pigs. The consignments of dead meat from abroad in December last were much less than in the previous year, but they amounted to about 6,000 tons. In December, 1866, about 40,000 tons of foreign carcasses were received from Rotterdam, Hamburg, Ostend, Harlingen, &c., and disposed of in Newgate and Leadenhall Markets. It may be mentioned also that our home supplies of live stock are largely supplemented by continental breeders, who last year sent over to this country upwards of 177,000 head of neat stock, 540,000 sheep and lambs, and 48,000 pigs; and it is estimated that fully half of these found their way to the Metropolitan Cattle Market.

Threading your way through a busy throng, intent upon the safe bestowal of the day's supplies in their respective vehicles, or hastening to secure whatever they may require while there is yet abundance to choose from, you pass into the market by one of the alleys above mentioned, and the scene within is as striking as that without. At the first glance you might imagine the chief business of the morning to be

that of drinking tea or coffee, for the visages of the salesmen and their clerks, &c., are for the most part buried in the recesses of unpretentious mugs, these simple restoratives (served by Hebes whose constitutions are peculiarly adapted to rising in the middle of the night) being found by experience to take the chill off the raw morning better than anything of a more potent character. Looking around, you will see the alley in which you stand lined on either side with 'bodies' of beef and carcasses of sheep and lambs, with here and there great store of hogs' flesh; salesmen, attired in coats of all conceivable degrees of greasiness, generally light in colour, are engaged with their customers; and men and lads are hurrying hither and thither with the purchases of their masters or fresh consignments of meat upon their backs, mainly distinguished from their employers, so far as outward appearance is concerned, by wearing blue or white smockfrocks, and by bearing the marks of their burdens on their shoulders instead of their hips, which prominences the salesmen and their customers find convenient for the purpose of freeing their hands from the superincumbent grease acquired in the examination of the meat. Add to these itinerant traders of various kinds, seeking a market for their multifarious wares, and you have before you a picture ablaze with gas and excitement.

The largest of the shops are about twenty yards long by eight yards wide, quite open in front to the narrow, paved thoroughfare which passes around the market, and are hung about with stout hooks, three or four deep. It should be stated that the shops only occupy one side of that thoroughfare, the opposite side consisting of the boarding which forms the back of the poultry shops in the centre of the quadrangle. This boarding is also thickly studded with hooks, and is usually let off by the Corporation in portions corresponding to the width of the shops opposite, the occupiers of which generally have the preference as tenants, *ceteris paribus*. In one such shop as this, including the

hooks opposite, altogether forming apparently but a small premises, you are surprised to hear that there is room to hang many hundred sheep; and many a morning in the winter season, especially in the shops occupied by the principal salesmen, every hook will be found occupied, and perhaps, if the trade be brisk, every consignment will be disposed of before nightfall. Beneath the shops are cellars, into which it was the custom years ago to throw flocks of sheep headlong down the stairs, slaughtering them afterwards at leisure; but this practice (which was attended with grievous cruelty to the wretched animals) has long been suppressed. In many of the shops, however, oxen, sheep, and calves are still slaughtered daily, provision being made for that purpose at the back of the premises; but the existence of such places in so crowded a locality gives rise to odours which are by no means appetizing, and should have been imperatively abolished long ago by the strong arm of the law.

Perhaps there is nothing in the mode of conducting business in Newgate Market which so impresses a stranger, from the country especially, as the extreme independence of the salesmen themselves, and the exceedingly free and easy understanding between them and their best customers, there being (so far at least as the more prosperous salesmen are concerned) as little solicitation or servility on the one hand as there is patronage or condescension on the other. The greetings of the salesmen, as large buyers pass their shops, are usually of the homeliest kind, tinged with the broad humour which seems to pervade the market from one end to the other, for the salesmen, as a rule, like nothing better than fun at their neighbours' expense, and fully act up to the precept, 'Laugh and grow fat.' The same trait is discernible in the contractors and other buyers, and in the men employed in the shops; indeed, no one who is unable to take a joke should pretend to do business personally in Newgate Market.

Having almost intuitively ascer-

tained 'how things are going,' the salesman stands at the front of his shop, occasionally directing the attention of the passer-by to the carcasses with which it is decorated, but more generally leaving it to the buyer to make advances. If satisfied with the condition of the meat, which in hot weather or doubtful cases the contractor investigates by prodding with a skewer in sundry places the carcasses he has a mind to buy—passing the said skewer critically beneath his nostrils after each successive stab, and then wiping it carefully on the skirts of his garment—a colloquy arises as to the price; and if he be equally satisfied on this point a bargain is speedily concluded, perhaps for twenty sheep at a time, and the carcasses are carried into the shop to be weighed. Sometimes the bargains are very extensive, as much as 200*l.* worth of meat at one price being included in a single purchase, and when such large quantities are bought the bargain is usually ratified with a grasp of the hand in earnest of mutual agreement. When the demand is brisk the vast supply melts away with marvellous celerity, but when sluggish you may hear incessant inquiries as to whether the salesman will 'bate.' The immediate reply is generally 'Don't bate any;' but eventually, in the natural reluctance to lose a customer when the price may be falling, or the weather bad, the salesman probably 'bates' something, the buyer refreshes his nose once or twice more, and finally leaves his skewer in the carcass in token of acceptance at the price, walking off to make other purchases elsewhere. If heads and plucks are sold, a wisp of straw placed upon them serves as a convenient and well-understood memorandum of the transaction. Generally speaking salesmen ask more money than they are likely to get—in accordance with the established usage among all traders where a *prix fixe* is impracticable—and, in order to balance matters, buyers as invariably offer something less than they intend to give; but the former, whenever they are justified in so doing by the briskness of the demand or

the scantiness of the supply, determinedly fix their price, and get it.

In the value of all descriptions of meat there is great variation, for sometimes there is an immense demand for one particular class when other qualities are a mere drug in the market. The next day, perhaps, the state of things will be precisely the reverse. In the minor articles of the trade the fluctuations are still more remarkable. On the Derby-day, for instance, and the day before, legs of veal (for veal and ham pies) and buttocks of beef are in such demand that they will fetch almost anything the salesman likes to ask. Sweetbreads also, to take another example, vary very much in value, for in the 'season' they not unfrequently fetch as much as 10*s.* or 12*s.* a pair, whereas at other times they may be had for 6*d.* or 1*s.*; and so with other articles, especially those which may be considered dainties or required in the concoction thereof.

The legitimate salesman, it should be observed, does not *buy* anything, but is supposed to do his best to obtain the highest market for the consignments entrusted to his charge, taking upon himself all the risk of bad debts, and returning to the consignor the proceeds, generally by return of post, after deducting the customary commission on the transaction. And here it may be remarked that, generally, salesmen undertake to sell any kind of meat that may be consigned to them, but some only deal in specialities. For instance, a few are pig salesmen only, and receive large consignments of foreign swine, chiefly from Hamburg, Ostend, and different parts of France and Holland. Others deal very largely in Dutch and other foreign sheep; and one extensive trader confines his dealings to plebeian heads and plucks, of which he sometimes receives as many as three thousand in a week. There is a large class known as 'jobbers,' who buy to sell again; and we should also mention the carcass butchers, who make extensive consignments to the salesmen, having purchased largely in the live-stock markets, and who are remarkable for the ex-

treme accuracy with which they will tell at a glance the weight of a bullock, confidently determining its ponderosity to a stone.

It is quite a mistake—and one which country senders not unfrequently make to their cost—to suppose that Newgate Market is a perfectly safe place to which to consign meat unfit for human food. No blunder can be more fatal, for the better class of salesmen put such meat aside at once, and instead of concealing it, as is sometimes ignorantly supposed, they simply wait until one of the inspectors (of whom there are two, besides the clerk of the market) arrives, in order to point it out for condemnation. Everything in the shop is perfectly open to examination, and the inspector condemns just what he chooses, there being small hope of appeal from his verdict unless he should chance to be flagrantly in the wrong; and he gives to the salesman a certificate of the condemnation, which is forwarded by him for the satisfaction (or rather the dissatisfaction) of the sender, who is perhaps visited with a prosecution. Doubtless in some parts of the market meat which would be ordinarily unsaleable is sometimes disposed of in considerable quantities to low-class butchers, and where one of these cases transpires, and is brought into a court of justice, it may safely be affirmed that several escape notice; but this is owing, in the first place, to the chances of escaping observation; in the next, to the difficulty of obtaining a conviction; and, again, to the heavy outlay which such prosecutions entail upon the City of London. Not that the Corporation officers would on that account flinch from their duty in any case brought clearly under their notice, but the difficulties in the way naturally interfere to no inconsiderable extent with the due course of justice. It must not be supposed that the contractors purchase inferior meat; for although it may not be of the very prime quality, it is always exceedingly good, both as to cut and weight; for if it is not strictly according to the contract it is certain

to be returned. Our soldiers and others for whom provision is thus made may therefore rest perfectly satisfied that they are well cared for in this particular.

Taking his stand in the shop of a salesman at the opening of the market, a visitor may in the course of an hour see many a notability in the trade, men who are apparently in the seediest and certainly in the greasiest of conditions, but who will nevertheless give cheques for hundreds of pounds in the course of the morning. Here, for instance, comes a man wearing a long white coat—or rather one which has been white at some remote date—and a very cylindrical hat, corresponding in colour, and with the mere suggestion of a brim, such as we have never before seen away from the footlights. He possesses a shrewd, stolid cast of features, which look as though they were cut out of a block of mahogany; and as his attire is invariably the same at all seasons of the year, he acts, perhaps unconsciously, on the scientific principles of dress which the Coroner for Middlesex has occasionally been careful to promulgate, namely, the wearing of white hats and white clothes all the year round, in order to temper to the body the heat of summer and the rigour of winter. This gentleman, whose name we will not particularize, and who looks as though seven-and-sixpence would be a liberal price for his entire wardrobe, is one of the largest contractors in England, and buys immense quantities of meat for the army, &c., every morning of his life. To draw another picture, we will take one whose dress is equally begrimed, his skirts, which reach almost to his heels, presenting in addition a streaky appearance produced by frequent collision with the very vulgar specialities of his trade; whilst a third, although not on the whole so striking a character as either of the others, is a most extensive pig-buyer—extensive in more senses than one, inasmuch as perhaps there are few of his purchases that could turn the balance against him. The market is also constantly visited by a crowd of *habitués*, both

connected and unconnected with the trade. The skins of the beasts and sheep slaughtered on the spot of themselves form a most important item of commerce, and are disposed of to skin-buyers, who sell them again to the woolmen and tanners resident in that fragrant neighbourhood Bermondsey, and elsewhere. Amongst the smaller fry of professional visitors may be mentioned (*place aux dames*) the occasional appearance of a calf's head and sweetbread buyer, who gets her livelihood by retailing those comestibles to the butchers in the market; while others make a living by buying ox-tails, &c., and bringing them to the market for a like purpose. The crowd is made up with eating-house keepers, come to supply the daily necessities of their marvellous bills of fare; bone-pickers, with a keen eye for everything on the ground that is convertible into money; old clo' men, newsboys, venders of ledgers, pocket-books, dog-collars, jewellery, saddles and bridles, harness, earthenware, engravings framed and glazed, railway-rugs, 'caps or 'ats,' collars, braces, shirts, fruit, &c.: indeed, everything you can possibly mention, from penny articles of all kinds to a gold watch or a diamond ring, is brought round the market by Jews and others to be sold, and is sold, the buyer occasionally included. In all the busy scene there are no idlers; all have some business, lawful or unlawful, and the mere loungeur will have to steer his way most circumspectly through the bustling throng—his task being rendered still more difficult by occasional encounters with a few idiotic calves or a score of bewildered sheep—if he desire to stroll around the market without carrying away with him a greasy *souvenir* of his visit; for the strong supple fellows who are hurrying hither and thither with burdensome weights upon their shoulders have neither time nor inclination to stand on ceremony.

The time at which the business of the market terminates varies with the changing seasons. In the summer months all the important part of the business is generally over by

nine or ten o'clock, but in winter it extends to a later period of the day, being at all times governed by the supply, the demand, and the weather. The decline of business is customarily heralded by the arrival of numbers of shoeblacks, who drive a thriving trade, inasmuch as few, either masters or men, depart the market without having their boots cleaned. This operation concluded, the salesmen, having transacted the necessary business in their counting-houses, usually betake themselves to the barber's, where they hear the latest gossip of the day, and compare notes on current events, and occasionally on coming 'events' also. In like manner the men—after making everything clean and tidy, the floors of the shops being thoroughly swept and the boards scraped and washed with boiling water—attend to their own personal decoration, and emerge resplendent from the purlieu of the market.

To append to the above sketch any particulars respecting the poultry market carried on in the central quadrangle would extend this article, already exceeding its intended limits, to too great a length. We must therefore rest content with having endeavoured to furnish a truthful description of the most important of the markets entrusted with the distribution of some 150,000 tons of meat annually brought into the great and ever-increasing metropolis, as it appears in the middle of the nineteenth century. The doom which has for some years been impending—its removal to Smithfield, long a dreary waste—has been respite from time to time, partly in consequence of delay in the completion of the underground works of the Metropolitan Railway, which it was necessary to construct previous to the erection of the new Metropolitan Meat and Poultry Markets above them. These works are now, however, very far advanced, and before the close of the year we shall probably see the completion of both undertakings. The new markets, in designing which Mr. Horace Jones, the City architect, has shown much thoughtful appreciation of the exigencies of the trade

for which they are intended, will be 631 feet long from east to west, and 246 feet wide, an area upwards of 3½ acres in extent. The south front of the building will be in a line with King Street and Long Lane, and a roadway 50 feet wide will pass transversely through it, connecting Smithfield with the thoroughfares on the north. The market will also have another roadway, 25 feet wide, running east and west throughout its entire length, with lateral branches at convenient intervals. Provision will be made for about 200 shops, averaging 30 feet by 15 feet, with rooms above for the convenience of the salesmen, and other accommodation. The exterior will be of a handsome character, and there cannot be a doubt that the new market will be in every respect a vast improvement on the old one, which has long been too confined and too primitive in its arrangements for the great increase of busi-

ness consequent upon the rapid and enormous growth of the metropolis. The close proximity of the Metropolitan Railway, and special arrangements in connection therewith, together with greatly increased facility of access to the shops of the salesmen, will materially accelerate the delivery of the meat; and although we can never hope, when surrounded by the carcases of defunct animals, to be reminded of Mr. Rimmel's shop in the Strand, the attention paid to the ventilation and the absence of slaughter-houses will reduce to a minimum the offensiveness which is now a frequent cause of complaint. Indeed, the new arrangements bid fair to add greatly to the comfort and convenience not only of both buyers and sellers, but of all whose occupation takes them to the crowded labyrinth of lanes and passages now known as Newgate Market.

F. F.

THE VOICE BEHIND THE SHUTTER.

A Jersey Ballad.

HALF dreaming, near St. Aubin's Bay—
 No spot in Jersey's isle is sweeter,—
 I said, 'If Love come by this way,
 With open arms I'll rush to greet her.'
 A sunny hour I had to kill,
 So following the law of noses,
 I mounted towards St. Clement's Hill,
 Among the picotees and roses.
 The bees were all asleep, no bird
 Had energy its wings to flutter,
 'Twas then in search of love, I heard—
 'Twas strange—a voice behind a shutter.

Dumbfounded, in the dust I stood,
 And gazed in idiotic fashion;
 The voice was suited to my mood;
 The shutters put me in a passion.
 Within those little walls of white,
 On which the summer sun was shining,
 She sang about 'My heart's delight!'—
 While I was on a wall reclining!
 But was there nothing else to do,
 But with my disappointment mutter?
 Of course I put a second to—
 'Twas odd—that voice behind the shutter!

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shown by T. S.



Engraved by T. S. Secombe.]

THE VOICE BEHIND THE SHUTTER.

[See Page 272.]



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She sang me then 'I am alone ;'
 And when I saw what course she'd taken,
 I gave, in melancholy tone,
 Two stanzas of the song 'Forsaken !'
 When suddenly the music stopped :
 I never dreamed of asking pardon,
 But from the wall discreetly dropped,
 And softly stole into the garden ;
 Wherein, of course, to my surprise—
 My feelings I can hardly utter—
 I saw a lustrous pair of eyes
 Peep'd at me from behind the shutter.

Come, sit beside me, Isaline !
 Your voice most certainly possesses
 The charm it had when, wife of mine,
 I stole the first of my caresses.
 The same blue lingers in your eyes ;
 Your hair ! come close ! its sunny glory
 Will fascinate—until he dies—
 The hero of this Jersey story.
 A happy notion—on my word—
 We'll cross the Channel in a cutter,
 And bless the spot where once I heard,
 Years past, your voice behind the shutter.

C. W. S.

A MILITIA TRAINING.



responsible for some of the neglect under which militia regiments have recently suffered by discontinuing all mention of militia inspections and of the

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'Militia Gazette.' If fifty members of a metropolitan volunteer corps march from Kensington to Hyde Park and back, the daily papers ring with the feat; but a month's steady labour with a militia regiment is a matter too insignificant for editorial remark. That this is not wilful neglect I am quite ready to admit, for the 'Times' has proved itself a stanch friend to the militia in time of need; but if it would only bring itself to look upon the appointment of a country gentleman to a company in a militia regiment as a matter of equal social importance to the bankruptcy of a village sweetstuff woman, it would, I am sure, do the force a great personal service.

Militiamen are a queer-looking herd when they muster for the first time. Their civilian clothes are usually in rags; their boots 'out at elbow' (as an Irish sergeant of my company expressed it), for many of them have tramped through half a dozen counties in order to be up to time and save their travelling allowance; their hair is always long, for the knowledge that they will have it cut short enough during training operates to induce them to postpone hair-cutting until that period comes round. Indeed I believe that militiamen, as a rule, never have their hair cut at all except at training. It is then cut so short that it takes six months to acquire what the British labourer or artisan considers a decent length, and a little over and above is a fault on the right side. They are dirty, moustachioless, with tufts of hair on their chins, and altogether more unlike soldiers than I should have thought it possible for any collection of human beings to be. Take a score of average mechanics, and the chances are that two or three of them will look somewhat soldierly; that is to say, they will have moustachios, shaven chins, and short hair; but take eight hundred militiamen—men who may reasonably be supposed to possess some military instinct—and you won't find half a dozen moustachios among them.

The fact is that there is really no gumption among them. Militiamen

hate the service to which in a moment of desperate impecuniosity they have sold themselves for the sake of the fragment of bounty that they receive on enlistment. The fragment of bounty is a present advantage to an enlisting militiaman: it represents the key that enables him to wind his way out of the pecuniary mazes in which he is involved; while the duty to be done for it is only a prospective misery, which, at the distant risk of a short imprisonment, he may throw over altogether. They often have to travel long distances in order to be present with their regiment, and if they leave the kingdom they must take their chance of prosecution as deserters. During training they are subjected to a much stricter discipline (that is to say, in a good regiment) than at any other time of the year. They have not that instinctive perception of the difference between officer and soldier which appears to come to the linesman at the moment of his enlistment and never to quit him even at his discharge; and militiamen, lacking this perception, have it forced upon them by dint of appeals, not only upon their pockets in the shape of stoppages of pay and bounty, but also upon their time and liberty in the shape of extra drills, confinement to barracks, and, in aggravated cases, 'cells.' So as a body they dislike the service.

As soon as a militiaman presents himself upon muster-parade he is forced on to a bench and his hair is cut from him either by one of his comrades who pretends to tonsorial accomplishments or by the local hairdresser's 'young man,' who did not bargain for this class of customer when he took service with his employer. But eight hundred pence are not to be so easily earned every day in the year, and the assistant has no resource but to do his employer's bidding or go. This hair-cutting is looked upon by the militiaman as an unspeakable hardship. He not unnaturally associates compulsory hair-cropping with convict life, and he further believes that if on the regiment's being dismissed he attempts to get work,

employers will decline to receive him if his hair is suspiciously short. His plea that he is a militiaman will be of no avail. Employers will perhaps admit that that is possible; but while so many 'hands' are to be obtained whose hair is of irreproachable length, they decline to employ a man who *may* be fresh from a militia regiment, but who, on the other hand, *may* be fresh from Portland.

But militiamen are, on the whole, knowing hands in all matters that do not directly bear upon their military duties; and they contrive in many cases to arrange with the barber that just so much of the hair as is seen below the shako or forage-cap shall be cut as short as

the scissors will go, while the hair on their scalps is to be left intact as a tacit rebutter of the employers' theory that all short crops are attributable to the interference of penal authorities. At the same time it sometimes happens that commanding officers, adjutants, and captains of companies are knowing hands in their way too, and a general order to 'remove forage-caps' will sometimes discover many hidden but not unsuspected beauties.

As soon as the barber has done his, spiriting—or rather his dispiriting—on the militiaman, that miserable person is handed over to the quartermaster, who strips him of his raiment and provides him with the military uniform, arms, and ac-



countrements which are to constitute his every-day apparel for the next four weeks. The temporarily discarded suit is carefully packed away, to be issued on the last day of training. If the militiaman is billeted out, he takes his uniforms away with him to his lodging; if he is in barracks he stows them away regimentally under the direction of his pay-sergeant. Very little is done on the first day of training beyond hair-cutting and serving out uniforms and rifles; but on the second day the work begins in real earnest.

In a good militia regiment the work is no joke, even for officers, while it lasts. *Réveillé* sounds usually at about 5.30; sergeant-major's parade for non-commissioned officers and men from 6 to 7.30. If the regiment is in barracks the day's rations of bread and meat are distributed at 7.30, the orderlies being present with their pannikins to carry off the supplies for their respective rooms, under the general superintendence of one of the officers of the day. The men breakfast usually at eight o'clock, and the

captain and subaltern on duty, accompanied by a regimental orderly-sergeant, make a tour of the various barrack-rooms to ascertain that the breakfasts are properly distributed and that there are no complaints. It is also the duty of these officers to see that the rooms are neat, the windows open, and the bedding regimentally folded. The orderly-sergeants of each company are in attendance to exercise a general supervision over the behaviour of the men during meals and to report any absentees. After their breakfast the men are busy cleaning their accoutrements for commanding-officer's parade, which is usually held at eleven o'clock. At, perhaps, ten o'clock the orderly-room bugle sounds, and the commanding-officer betakes himself to the orderly-room, where, surrounded by captains of companies, and counselled by the adjutant, he administers justice in petty sessions. The prisoners who have been confined in the guard-room during the preceding day and night are marshalled in front of the orderly-room under the sergeant-major, and the pay or company-sergeants are in attendance with their defaulter-books, which they hand to their captains, who refer to them for a chronicle of the previous misdoings of such of their men who may happen to be in durance that morning. The men are brought in, one by one, according to the order in which they stand on the guard-report, a formidable-looking document prepared by the sergeant of the guard, and containing a list of the prisoners, the hour at which they were confined, the nature of their offence, and the officers or non-commissioned officers who confined them. This is checked by a number of minor documents, technically called 'crimes,' which are prepared by the pay-sergeants of companies and signed by their captains, containing the same information as far as relates to the company which it represents. As each prisoner is brought in, the adjutant, who acts as magistrate's clerk, reads out the culprit's offence and calls the 'evidences.' The offence is usually proved by one of the ser-

geants of the prisoner's company, and he is supported by the evidence of the sergeant of the guard as far as his knowledge of the case goes. The prisoner's captain then reads out from the company defaulter-book any recent crimes that may have been entered against his name, together with the punishments that were awarded him, winding up with a general statement as to the quality of the prisoner's character. Upon these data the commanding-officer grounds the sentence which he intends to pass, and as soon as it is passed the prisoner is marched out, and the 'crime' entered by the captain in the company defaulter-book. If it should happen that a sergeant or corporal is under arrest, the prisoner's escort, and all others under the prisoner's rank, are ordered out of the orderly-room, that the prisoner's authority may not be impaired by his being exhibited, under humiliating circumstances, to his regimental inferiors.

At eleven o'clock commanding-officer's parade until one o'clock. At one o'clock, or perhaps at half-past one, the men dine, the officers of the day 'going round the dinners' as they went round the breakfasts, taking note of all complaints and of any absentees. It frequently happens that the meat is tough or, in parts, tainted, or that the 'messes' have not been fairly divided, or that the bread is sour; and in any of these cases the officer on duty is sure to hear of it. They are a dainty set of men, when out for training, are these militiamen, and they are capital hands at looking after their own interests. I know a case in which an inveterate grumbler was effectually silenced by the officer of the day sitting down to the plate of meat of which complaint had been made and eating every scrap of it, while the hungry grumbler stood at 'attention.'

Adjutant's parade at, perhaps, three o'clock, lasting until five, and at five o'clock the men are finally dismissed drill for the day, unless they are 'for guard or picket,' or 'confined to barracks,' in which latter case they have to undergo an hour's extra drill in heavy marching order,

under the regimental orderly-sergeant. At about seven o'clock, guard mounting—but in some regiments this duty is performed in the morning. The men for guard, with their 'waiting men' (men in attendance to supply the places of any absentees), and the men for picket with their waiting men, parade under the regimental sergeant-major, or drill sergeant-major, together with the orderly-sergeants of companies. The captain of the day inspects the men for guard and picket, and also the orderlies, and the subaltern marches them off to relieve the guard that has supplied the sentries during the last twenty-four hours.

The captain gives the hours at which the picket are to perambulate the town, and take up any peccant militiamen who may be at large after tattoo. The captain and subaltern of the day then turn in to mess.

There is very little difference between the mess of a militia regiment and that of a line regiment, except that a militia mess is usually a much more expensive affair. The table is, in most cases, rather barely furnished with plate (except in the cases of a few regiments which have been embodied for some years), but the dinner itself is usually an excellent one.

At half-past nine o'clock 'first



post' is sounded, as a caution to stray militiamen that bedtime is drawing near; at ten, 'second post,' by which time all militiamen should be in barracks and sober. At second post the orderly-sergeants of companies fall in, and hand over to the sergeant-major their absentee reports, and these are handed by him to the captain of the day, who enters them in the 'Report of the captain of the day,' which he must send into the orderly room before (say) ten o'clock the next day, together with that of the subaltern of the day, which that functionary usually delivers to his captain at 'first post.' I remember an amusing blunder made by a young gentleman who had just joined a militia regiment, and who was placed on duty

the next day. He was informed by the captain of the day (who happened to be quartered in a village four or five miles from headquarters), that he would have to make out his report and let him have it by 'first post.' At half-past nine the captain waited for the report, but no report was forthcoming, and on his charging the subaltern, whom he found in the anteroom, with neglecting his instructions, the subaltern assured the captain that he was sure to receive it by the first post the next day, as he had posted it with his own hands a couple of hours before.

In addition to the duties which I have already mentioned, the officer of the day, in most militia regiments, has to attend all parades; he must

visit the hospital, and the prisoners; he must turn out the guard, visit the sentries by day and also by night. He must inspect the cooking department, and thrust his head into the coppers to see that they are scrupulously clean. He is, moreover, responsible that the men are quiet in their rooms, and that all is darkness when 'lights out' is sounded, ten minutes after 'last post.' All men who come into barracks after 'last post' are confined for the night in the guard-room; but a discretionary power is usually vested in the captain of the day to send quiet men to their beds,

provided they are not more than half an hour late. All men who exceed this limit, or who are drunk or troublesome, or whose general character is known to be bad, are kept in the guard-room all night, to be brought up before the commanding-officer the next day. After turning out the guard at night, and visiting the sentries, the officers of the day are usually allowed to 'turn in,' but their rest may be disturbed at any moment by an outbreak in barracks, or an alarm of fire.

This is the ordinary routine of a day's work in a militia regiment which has the good fortune to be



quartered in barracks. If the regiment is in billets, the work of the officer of the day is much simplified, as there is no bread and meat to be inspected, no meals to be visited, and no chance of his being knocked up by any nocturnal disturbance—for such disturbances as may occur will be far beyond his ken. It is true that, strictly speaking, he should visit the billets once a day, but this rule is not usually insisted on very rigorously.

As the day of inspection approaches, the drill becomes stricter, and captains of companies begin to

get fidgety about the fit of accoutrements, and 'sit' of the knapsacks, and the folding of the great-coats.

The 'red book' is in great demand, and the 'price of necessities' is greedily committed to heart. The contents of a soldier's knapsack are carefully studied, and the order in which the knife, fork, razor, and other minor matters are placed in the 'hold-all' becomes a momentous question. Young officers stalk about the parade-ground moodily, muttering these cabalistic words, 'knife, fork, spoon, razor, comb, shaving-brush, button-stick, and sponge;'

while conflicting reports as to the current price of stocks (which seems to fluctuate from fourpence-halfpenny to a shilling) are scattered far and wide. Company defaulters are compared with guard reports, and discrepancies corrected, before they are submitted to the searching scrutiny of the inspecting officer; and officers commanding companies sign pay-sheets, last year's ledgers, and, in short, any documents that their pay-sergeant may think fit to put before them, in a most reckless manner.

The momentous day arrives. The regiment falls in, on its private parade, for company inspection, and afterwards marches to the review ground for battalion and light infantry drill. After two or three hours of these amusements, the regiment marches home, and 'breaks off' for dinner. The officers' call sounds, followed by 'pay-sergeants'—a combination that implies that both classes of functionaries are required in the orderly-room.

There the regimental and company accounts are examined by the inspecting officer; and there the price of stocks crops up with distracting results. Besides the price of necessaries, it is requisite that you should know the number of married and single men in your company, the names of some twenty or thirty of them; the rules to be observed in putting on accoutrements; the method of keeping your company ledger; the price of a 'hot meal;' the pay of all ranks, and the nature and powers of different kinds of courts-martial. Armed with this information, you may march into the orderly-room, and defy the inspector (under your breath) to do his worst.

Then comes the inspection lun-

cheon—a confused dream of fleecy muslins, frothy bonnets, clanking sabres, scarlet uniforms, county swells, a deputation from the nearest line regiment, and the Lord Lieutenant. The next day the men are paid off, and return their uniforms into store, receiving in exchange the clothes which they took off a month ago, and which come out of store in unwonted creases. Then they go to the captain of their company to be 'paid off,' and he, with the assistance of his pay and company sergeants, dispenses the contents of three brown bowls of coin, according to the statements contained in the company ledger. Each man signs the ledger and quittance roll as he comes up to be paid, and then goes his way with a sum that may vary from a few shillings up to perhaps three pounds in his pocket, according to his behaviour during the training, and the number of stoppages for missing necessaries that may have to be deducted from the amount of his pay and allowances, and the instalment of his bounty. For the bounty is paid in annual guineas, which may be reduced by one half, by sentence of a board of officers which usually sits during the last day of training. This board is an effectual check on insubordinate or disorderly conduct, up to the last moment of the last day of training.

Then the officers shake hands, and betake themselves to their various 'places;' the permanent staff get into plain clothes, and no one but the adjutant and orderly-room clerks has any more work to do. And in a fortnight, or three weeks, the adjutant having completed the officers' accounts, and settled with the messman, flies to other climes.



WARRIORS AT WIMBLEDON.

A Summer Sketch, in several Scenes.

PROLOGUE.—THE SQUATTERS.



A VERY celebrated squatting story is told of an old woman at Westminster. Success seems to come from squatting, and the history of how it brought fortune to an ancient vendor of apples within a stone's throw of the Houses of Parliament is certainly worth the telling.

Once upon a time — and I am sure that in this way all genuine stories begin — there was an old woman who kept a little apple-stall on the borders of a bit of waste ground in Westminster. The hot sun dried up this little old woman's complexion; and the pitiless rain hardly agreed with the constitution of her fruit; so in order to protect herself from the attacks of our proverbially inconstant climate, she adopted the not very novel proceeding of holding a huge umbrella

over her head, under which she was able to smoke her pipe and await her customers in peace and comfort.

Fortune did not turn her back upon the little old woman. With the slender capital she had acquired by apples she invested in literature. Papers brought more capital, and the little old woman got so proud that she snubbed her Gampish umbrella altogether. A happy thought struck her. Why not erect a shed? She did this, with the aid of a few sticks and a piece of tarpaulin. Further success suggested larger improvements. Kind goddess Fortune, as if with a fairy wand, turned the tarpaulin shed into a real shop with a real little cosy parlour at the

back, the kind of cosy back parlour to a thriving shop, with a bell, and constant customers, which at some time or other must have made us all envious. I believe in back parlours to a shop, and am still of opinion that they constitute true happiness; but this is a fad of my own, and is entirely by the way. Suddenly came another tap of fairy Fortune's wand. A first floor was added to the shop; then a second; then a third; and then the 'oldest inhabitant' might have been surprised to see a real house standing steady and erect upon this plot of no man's land. But wait a minute. My story is not yet over. Years rolled on, and the little old woman died. No man's land had been built upon, every inch of it, when suddenly comes some mighty railway or gigantic hotel, threatening to pull down the shop built by the little old woman upon the waste plot of ground in Westminster.

'Compensation, of course,' say the descendants of the little old woman.

'Compensation? Yes, anything you like to ask,' says the mighty railway or the gigantic hotel, whichever you like. And the descendants of the queer little apple-woman pocketed their compensation, and, I trust, determined to live happily ever afterwards.

Now it strikes me that this is a very pretty little story. The moral of it is obvious. Squat wherever and whenever you can.

But what has all this to do with the warriors at Wimbledon? I hear somebody asking. I answer, with all politeness, a very great deal, because if it had not been for the estimable system of squatting, the warriors would never have been at Wimbledon at all.

Well, once upon a time, again, there was a warrior in every sense of the word, because he belonged to a celebrated Volunteer corps which had existed as a Volunteer corps long before such a thing as a 'movement' was born or thought of; long before country gentlemen and rustic bumpkins squabbled about uniforms, and came up to London to kiss her Majesty's hand, and tread

on one another's toes at an orgie facetiously called a ball, at the Floral Hall; and besides belonging to the Victoria Rifles, he had left England to fight under Garibaldi—a circumstance which, in my opinion, goes far to prove that he must have been very fond of fighting indeed. On the principle, I suppose, that a man must eat a peck of dirt before he dies, he came back from Garibaldi just as good a fellow as he was before, and with the experience gained from some rough campaigning.

He knew how to cook. That was a great feather in his cap. He had also invented a cooking apparatus, which suggested a trial. The trial suggested Wimbledon, and Wimbledon suggested squatting. Accordingly, the Victorias pitched their tents, gipsy-fashion, on a corner of the common; and as they behaved themselves prettily, and did not meditate disturbing the hen-roosts of the neighbourhood, Lord Spencer allowed them to remain on his domain, and did not bring them up before the nearest magistrate and charge them with the heinous offence of sleeping in the open air!

Gipsy-like again, the gallant Victorias were magnificently hospitable. They shared their bit and sup with all comers. They roasted many a carcass in the celebrated cooking apparatus invented by the celebrated Victorian Volunteer, and they passed round many a pannikin filled with the 'best as is.' Round the carcasses and the pannikins came the eagles. The hospitality of the Victorias became proverbial, and I may here remark that it has remained so to this day; and equally proverbial became the jollity of the first camp out.

Then were the days of the original and never-to-be-forgotten campfires; the days when Lords Elcho and Spencer, and all the nobilities, male and female, of the Association, sat round the fire, and listened to the fervid strains of the vocal policeman, and were amused with the—at that time—novel account of the eccentricities of a certain 'Mermaid' who was married to a sailor 'at the bottom of the deep blue sea.'

When this celebrated Victorian

hospitality was² noised about, it became infectious. Englishmen—and notably Englishmen who are Volunteers—do not care to be outdone in hospitality, and to this generous and laudable feeling I am inclined to ascribe the great success of the camping-out feature of the Wimbledon Meeting.

Why, only this year, in the South Middlesex camp—composed of somewhat modern but not a bit the less earnest squatters—I heard the same opinion in different forms over and over again expressed. 'I had no idea it was so jolly! I shall certainly come myself next year.' And thus I expect it will come to pass that not only the Volunteers who have qualms of conscience at receiving so much kindness at the hands of their brethren in arms, but the visitors who are not Volunteers and receive just the same hearty welcome, will all put their shoulders to the wheel, and then in years to come, during a certain fortnight in July, London will be deserted, and we shall all find ourselves under canvas.

SCENE I.—WIMBLEDON AS IT IS.

A great many years are supposed to have elapsed. I have spoken of Wimbledon as it was. What a change is seen in Wimbledon as it is!

The excitement of a Derby Day or an Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race holds the wretched station over Waterloo Bridge in its iron grip for more than a fortnight. Train after train, laden with Volunteers who shoot, and Volunteers who merely camp; Volunteers who must be in town for a few hours in the middle of the day; friends who come down to cook and spoil the broth; friends who can cook, and are not above washing up the dishes; kindly mothers and affectionate sisters, anxious to see what they can do for patriotic husbands and brothers; dainty diaphanous damsels, ever ready to flirt over strawberries and cream and claret-cup; trains weighted with such mixed elements as these speed along to Putney Station every ten minutes.

And what has poor innocent Putney done thus to be frightened out

of her propriety? The pleasant resort of clerkdom is literally besieged with cabs.

'Go, call a cab, and let a cab be called,
And let the man that calleth be the caller,
And in his calling let him nothing call.'
But Cab! cab! cab! oh! for a cab, ye gods?

Cabs did I say? The vehicles of Putney are not even to be dignified with that opprobrious epithet. Where do these ramshackle vehicles, with their raw-boned horses, come from? Hidden from the public gaze for months and months, on a sudden emergency like the Derby Day, or Hampton Races, or Wimbledon, out they come, ready to jolt one's inside out most mercilessly. The shaking may be good for the constitution, but I have had the pleasure of sitting three on the box-seat, and of course the outside rail fell to my lot. My poor bones ache with the memory of that ride. But never mind the jolting ride, which costs one sixpence; a sea of bunting is before us. The camp is in sight. How the sun glares on the bright white tents! I can tell where my friends are from the flags. There is the scarlet lion of the Scotchmen; the Irish harp; the Association banners; the St. George and Dragon; the South Middlesex portcullis; a weird device of deaths' heads and cross-bones; and far away in the corner a gaudily-striped Pekin flag, which reminds me of old boating days and many victories, under whose shadow I shall soon see the tanned and bearded captain of a once famous club, now one of the victorious English Eight of 1868.

On we plunge through the Sahara of dust which encircles the encampment, pay a shilling at the wicket, and in we go.

Let us take a walk up the High Street of Camp Town first of all. Real shops, on my word! Here is Mr. Gibbs, of Bristol, and the magazine of every inventor of every rifle under heaven. Here we can buy hat and cap coverings of Indian texture and picturesque effect. Here waterproof sheets, for linen or calico is unheard of in Camp Town. Here stools and rests and telescopes. Here camp furniture. Here ammunition for rifles and the inner

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man. There is no need to go to town to buy anything, for London shops have marched up to Wimbledon and intend to live under canvas. But what is the matter with the Windmill which protects, as usual, the cottage where the lords of the Association dwell? The Windmill looks somewhat smarter than of old. It is a regular pantomime trick. Some Harlequin has been here in the night, and one tap of his wand has sent the solitary clock right up into the Windmill.

There is much hard work before us. I have a proposition to make. Suppose we refresh ourselves with

a glass of Jennison's celebrated iced claret cup, and then, as it is insufferably hot, let us rest a while.

SCENE II.—THE UMBRELLA TENT.

By no means a bad notion. This is surely the place to rest. This is the lounge; the rendezvous; the reading-room, as far as daily papers and light literature are concerned; the gossip-shop; the flirting establishment; the siesta-ground; the anything you like calm and pleasant. The umbrella-tent is a great feature at Wimbledon. What the Pump-Room is to Bath, the pantiles are to Tunbridge Wells, the band-



house is to Scarborough, the pier-head is to Brighton, the Hall by the Sea is to Margate, the Library is to Ramsgate, the Row is to London, that is the umbrella-tent to Wimbledon. Hither come shooting Volunteers waiting for their turn to fire; hither come non-shooting Volunteers when they have made their beds and put their tents in order and set the dinner going; hither come white-turbaned warriors, bronzed and handsome, to bask in the smiles of the fair-haired girls who have come down from London to admire everything and every one at Wimbledon. There is a suspicion of naughtiness in the whole thing. I mean the peeping into the men's tents and spying out all their little domestic arrangements, which tickles the women; and there is a suspicion of self-sacrifice—though in truth they are

the most indulgent fellows in the world—and pluck and manliness in sleeping out all night, which tickles the men; and so both sexes are in high feather for flirting. They lose no time about it, and go at it with a will, especially the women.

I fancy that celebrated and most ungallant epigram anent women must have been composed at a sort of Roman Wimbledon meeting; a meeting in the good old days in which, as now, feathers and dust and wind—perhaps more of it than blew at Wimbledon this year—and women were happily commingled.

Here is the epigram. It was suggested by the sight I saw in the Umbrella Tent.

*Quid calamo levis? pulvis—quid pulvere?
ventus*

Quid vento? mulier—quid muliere? Nihil!

I am afraid to annex a translation, knowing well the power which

is contained in the grip of female fingers trained to pinch. I leave the translation to those who are less afraid than I am of the dreadful effects of female vengeance.

SCENE III.—FIRING POINT. THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS MATCH.

It is very jolly, I know, among the sirens with the Japanese parasols and the Marie Antoinette muslin capes. It is jolly to be tapped with the end of the said parasols and whisked with the ends of the said Marie Antoinette capes. But this kind of thing is certainly not business. Up, then, Mr. Samson, from the feet of Miss Delilah. Good-by, old gipsy-woman; our fortune has been told a hundred times, and upon my honour it is not wise to trust the fickle goddess far in that captivating siesta tent.

The slow, deliberate volleys from those soft, blue, dreamy eyes are most decidedly dangerous, so let us seek safer quarters at Firing Point.

Firing Point is interesting at all times, and round it at every hour of the day there are crowds of Volunteers and visitors. Many an exciting scene takes place at Firing Point. Perhaps it is near the close of the competition for the Queen's Prize. The winner must be 'chaired,' 'cheered,' and 'serenaded' by a regimental band.

Poor Mr. Peake! How that 'chairing' and 'cheering' must have gone against the grain with him. The papers told us how he deprecated any fuss and implored to be left alone. It has struck me since that he must have had some inkling of the future. But, anyhow, that speech of the Victoria Rifle Band, waiting there to serenade a competitor in whom they took special interest, but who did not happen to be declared the winner, was generous and good. 'Well, let us play in the best man, whoever he may be.'

Firing Point is exciting also during the tussle for the International Challenge Shield; for at Wimbledon love of country comes out strong, and many a little pleasant war is waged on the relative merits of England, Ireland, and Scotland, each of whom claims the merit of

Wimbledon and its prowess in shooting as its own. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*. The Oxford and Cambridge Match, and the Lords and Commons Match, both bring many ladies down to the camp and to Firing Point; but I am inclined to think that of all the interesting and exciting struggles which takes place there none exceeds the Public Schools Match in excitement and interest. On this great occasion carriages and horsemen, and old boys and present boys, and Volunteers of every shade of feeling and politics, congregate at Firing Point. The boys look better drilled, better disciplined, smarter and more workmanlike than the ordinary run of Volunteers, and it is a treat to see the youngsters bending to their work, never flinching in the least. 'Floreat Etona' of course. She had a splendid team, and well deserved the double prize she carried away to the old school on the banks of the Thames; but, bravo! very much bravo! young and very plucky Marlborough, the second on the list this year, far ahead of Harrow the traditional victors, and Winchester and Rugby and the rest of them. Marlborough has been creeping up year after year. I for one should not be sorry to see the silver shield hanging for a year in a certain hall which always welcomes hospitably any traveller who happens to lose his way over the desolate downs of Wiltshire.

SCENE IV.—AN INTERVAL FOR CLARET-CUP.

Firing Point is all very well in its way, but a baking under a July 1868 tropical sun is so seriously damaging to the constitution, that instant remedies are called into requisition. I found that I was suffering from a severe attack of dipsomania consequent on the excessive heat after a broiling afternoon at Firing Point. I discovered also that my charming little friend, Belle Carruthers, the wife of Carruthers the poet, or verse-maker, as he modestly prefers to be called—they married only the other day after a flirtation which turned serious at Wimbledon last year—was in a

precisely similar condition. We determined that we would sally forth and forage. We were seriously ill and we required medical advice. Mrs. Carruthers at once suggested the artists' encampment. She knew them all, and thought that artists were 'so nice,' a ridiculously feminine epithet, on a par with 'angelic ices,' or 'divine melons,' or anything else incongruous and essentially feminine from which even good and sensible women of the Carruthers type are not entirely free. I put a veto on Mrs. Carruthers's proposition instantly. Artists are 'so nice,'

and are very good fellows in their way, but as a rule they are not orderly men. Suppose we had attacked the artists' encampment! What member of it would have had ready at a moment's notice claret, ice, soda-water, cucumber, green curaçao, and a corkscrew? Not one, I'll venture to affirm. They would have had every bit of the intention, but the reality, not one.

Mrs. Carruthers sighed and yielded her point. Then it was that I attacked her in a base and unmanly manner. 'Is it claret-cup,' I asked, 'that you want or artists?



Are you sighing after the flesh-pots or a refreshing beverage?"

She felt that she was in my power, and she gave in like a sensible woman.

'You know what I want—something to drink.'

Mark the reserve. She would not say claret-cup.

In three minutes' time I was fairly on the scent. I made for the tent of as honest and modest a fellow as ever breathed. He adored women,

but he dared not speak to one to save his life.

My stratagem was completely successful. There was nothing in the world he desired more than to show his courtesy, his hospitality, and his chivalric bearing towards the other sex, and to welcome a lady within his tent.

He was the kind of man who would consecrate the chair on which Mrs. Carruthers sat—if he knew, as he did know, that she was a pure

and noble woman—and allow no man to sit in it again for evermore.

Claret-cup! We might have bathed in it in John Denman's tent!

SCENE V.—THE RUNNING DEER.

I suppose called so on the celebrated, and, by-the-by, too often quoted *lucus à non lucendo* principle; for anything less like a deer, either in appearance or action, it has never been my lot to see. It reminds me more than anything of one of those toy-horses of one's childhood, having all the outward appearance of a horse, but disgraced to all eternity from being compelled to move upon a tray furnished with wheels.

—When I first heard of the running deer I pictured to myself the semblance of such an animal suspended perhaps by his body, but swinging or bounding along as the deer is allowed to do at Cremorne and at nut-stalls in a fair. But instead of this I see a woodeny, most unacrobatic deer jolting his way along a little platform under an earth-bank. I own I was disappointed with the running deer. However, at sun-down, some short time before gun-fire, I don't know a pleasanter spot than the running deer in all the camp. One sits among the bushes in the prettiest part of the common, and from start to finish it is possible to see here more interesting shooting than in other places. One sees something shot, at all events. A running deer, be he ever so woodeny, is a more interesting target than a painted disc. Woe betide the inexperienced rifleman if he tries his luck with the deer and spoils the haunch! He will find, instead of winning a pool, that he has a somewhat heavy fine to pay. Scotchmen chiefly patronise the deer; and perhaps it is not bad practice to fire a round or so at this unfortunate-looking animal in order that they may get 'their eyes in,' as we used to say at cricket, for the more exciting sport with the real thing on the Highlands. When Wimbledon lionesses look bored they are invariably brought to the running deer,

where they pick up their spirits, repose in very inviting arm-chairs, get excited at the Volunteers' toy, and prepare an appetite for dinner. Ah! I thought it was about the time. There's the signal for ceasing firing, and I am sure we are all ready for dinner by this time.

SCENE VI.—A LITTLE DINNER IN CAMP.

We have now arrived at the jolliest part of the day at Wimbledon. I don't say this simply because it is dinner-time, although I am greedy enough to own that uncommonly welcome meal may have something to do with the smile of satisfaction which creeps over our warriors' faces at eight o'clock or thereabouts. The work and bustle of the day is over. Grimy gunpowdered hands have been plunged into cold water; beards and moustaches have been relieved of dust. Tyro, of the Circumlocution Office, who 'doesn't want to waste his leave, you know,' but still likes the novelty and excitement of camp life, has returned from town, and, as if by magic, has been transformed from a fashionable, frock-coated, neat, umbrella'd swell into an easy-going lounging gentleman of the Wimbledon period. The fierce sun has gone down, thank goodness, behind the gorse, leaving behind it a track of purple and golden glory and tinting the dull-green bushes with prismatic hues; but Tyro still wears his 'puggery,' 'because they are the thing to wear, you know,' and to be behindhand in any kind of fashion would be moral death to Tyro. There is a peaceful calm of expectancy reigning in camp. Ordinary loungers and lookers-on have taken their departure. All who are left mean serious business. It is dinner-time.

In the matter of dinners Wimbledon has become somewhat famous. They call it—these hospitable warriors—'pot-luck,' but it is nothing of the kind. With luck and friends one can dine there as well as at the club. At a push one can get an excellent dinner at Jennison's for 3s. 6d. It is possible to dine, sitting on soft sofas, *trictinium* fashion, off French dishes served on china, and waited on by neat footmen or dis-

abled commissionaires. It is possible to partake of a humble chop and a welcome tankard of 'Fuller, Smith, and Turner.' An honest invitation we happen to have received is, in the way of dinner, a happy medium between the Sybarites and Anchorites. We are to dine at a cosy little camp-mess, and as one spirited honorary member has sent down a magnificent salmon to-night from Gilson's; as another has deputed Christopher to provide some of his best sherry, and the colonel has asked the president of the mess to pass round two or three boxes of prime full-flavoured Cabanas, the chances are that we shall have a jolly evening.

One turn round the little camp, please, before the bugle sounds for dinner. How neat and pretty it all looks! The heather round the tents was bright with blossom the other day, but the sun and transplanting do not seem to have agreed with it. However, the geraniums, and ferns, and rose-bushes make a fine show, and the centre grass avenue is so neat that one could see a pinglitter on it. Look at the fanciful inscription at the door of each tent and the quaint artistic decorations with which some of the canvas is adorned! 'The Churchwarden's Pew!' That must be a sleepy tent, I should think; while I fancy I trace on that bell-tent the handiwork of a well-known comic draughtsman. The authorities will be somewhat puzzled when the articles are returned into store. That seems a merry party over there on the right-hand side. Girls' voices, by all that is charming! and because they do not laugh loud enough and are not sufficiently amused over their innocent tea, Johnson thinks it necessary to stumble over the bracing at the tent-door and deluge the merry party with the contents of a steaming teapot.

Just look at the old fellow whose seems so anxious about the movements of the bugler. He is a character. An old soldier of a grand type, a model of propriety and a rigid disciplinarian—fancy his indignation the other night at his being put under

arrest by a Volunteer! He tells the story splendidly—how that he was going round in the middle of the night to see that all was safe in camp, and was pounced upon by the eager and somewhat too energetic guard of a neighbouring encampment, and marched off as a suspicious character and an evident common loafer. He bore the humiliation like a man, but at any time of the day, when occupied with his daily work, you may hear him mutter to himself in a tone which somewhat resembles a sneer, 'Fancy, after all these years and all my service, being put under arrest and my good conduct called in question by a Volunteer! Beastly!'

But there goes the bugle at last, so we will go in to dinner.

A great success. Fish magnificent and done to a turn. Roasts and boils appetising; stewed green-gages toothsome, and ah! such a glass of sherry to wash them all down.

There is much to be done and many friends to see to-night, but the party at the mess-table is so uncommonly convivial that we must wait for one of the colonel's cigars and a song after dinner. The little spare man over yonder 'does not sing himself, but he has a friend with him who sings a very good song.' The president instantly makes a thud with his fist on the table. Conversation ceases and all eyes are directed towards the friend. A preliminary clearing of the throat prepares us for something sparkling. 'Old Si-mon the cellarer keeps a rare store,' &c., &c. In for it again; just like our luck. However, it is of course unavoidable, so let us all look like humbugs and pretend we don't know every half-note of the ditty. After this we have all our old friends. A very fat and jovial-looking man who should have trolled out 'Old King Cole' gives us 'The last rose of summer,' out of tune and with tedious expression. A very young man with plenty of confidence favours us with 'So early in the morning,' three keys too high, which is good practice for most of the company in vocal gymnastics. Then come in succession the

'Death of Nelson,' 'Come into the garden, Maud,' and 'The Wolf,' all without accompaniment and change of key at discretion, as they say in France. However, we are not quite lost, for a cheery little Wiltshireman bursts out with 'Three jolly postboys,' 'A beggarman laid down to sleep,' and 'The jolly shilling,' songs with rattling choruses which certainly suit the occasion.

SCENE THE LAST.—A VICTORIA SING-SONG.

We have just time before we are turned out to peep for a moment into the Victoria camp. They are hard at it as usual. No matter what attractions are 'on' elsewhere; whether the Moray Minstrels are warbling in the Civil Service tent or some wretched band of amateurs is playing in the theatre, there will ever be 'order for harmony' among the Victorias, who send round steaming pannikins of hot grog and welcome the world.

Here nightly is held a Volunteer Eisteddfod. The Victoria camp is the head-quarters of minstrelsy, from which camp songs proceed hot from the press and the brains of their prolific authors. Here is waged a battle of the bards, at which many volunteer and non-volunteer Tannhäuser put in an appearance. Here are warbled old and favourite ditties, always welcome, and here new versions and impromptu verses are grafted on old stocks.

American songs—started in the late war—seem most popular here, and the various versions of 'Johnny comes marching home again,' 'John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,' 'For a few days,' and so on, are given with great effect. A retentive Victorian Volunteer who met some Americans in China and primed himself with their songs has given us, through this year's

Wimbledon, a street-song which will be as popular as any of the admirable tunes with which the late war made us familiar.

'Come and be a soldier!
'Won't you be a soldier?
Come and be a soldier! Shoulder arms!
When the war is over,
Then we'll live in clover.
Won't you be a soldier? Shoulder arms!

But this is the chorus which is shouted out with magnificent effect:—

'Look out dere—I'm gwine to shoot!
Stand clear! Don't ye understand?
Babylon is fallen! Babylon is fallen!
And we're gwine to occupy the land.'

And so one might go on all night, for there is no lack of able and willing singers in the Victoria camp. But there goes the gun! We must be off, for the lights will be out directly, and Lord Colville will be going the 'grand rounds' and look us all up in the Windmill if we are not off.

How shall we get back to town? that is the question. The ramshackle cabdrivers are getting extortionate as the night wears on, and there is more and more danger of our missing the train which it seems very probable we shall do.

Look at the moon! I say, you fellows! let us walk! Agreed; and so we walk singing the 'Ark' at the top of our voices, and waking up the steady shooting Volunteers who have turned in hours ago.

But stay! Are we walking through a land of weird spirits? Gustave Doré should be here with his sketch-book. What are they? Look over there and on all sides—how can you account for those weird and ghostly shadows?

Listen! the awful ghost on the bell-tent is represented by a Volunteer pulling his shirt over his head. Whisper low! the warriors are disrobing. Good-night!

C. W. S.

